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HYMNI RECENTES LATINI.

TRANSLATIONES ET ORIGINALES :

PER

SILAM TERTIUM RANDIUM, D.D., LL.D.

Hantsportūs, Novae Scotiae,

MDCCCLXXXVIII.



HALIFAX, N. S.

S. SELDEN, 71 GRANVILLE STREET,
1888.

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PREFACE.

In introducing the following pages to the public, a few remarks by way of preface seem to be called for.

Ever since I began the study of Latin, I have — taken a great interest in it. I was grown up, and had had very little opportunity for study when I first opened a Latin Grammar, at the age of twenty-three. I was able to construe a page in the Reader before many days. Then began my delight. To be able to unwrap the meaning, word by word, of a sentence and a page, was for me in interest something like unrolling a mummy of one of the Egyptian kings to the antiquarian, or digging into the centre and exploring the “Great Pyramid,” or like disentombing a buried city. This interest was only increased when, in after years, I could easily keep my diary in Latin, and take a Latin book, whether ancient or modern with me as a travelling companion, with no need of grammar or dictionary, and read it in the cars with ease.

As my school days were for the most by myself, with my books, they were never crudely terminated by *graduation*, and an escape from the restraints and strain of study hours. Study had always been my relaxation, and when it became my work, it was pursued with the same sensations of rest and pleasure. I have perused a good many Latin

authors, both ancient and modern, but the book that has given me the greatest amount of satisfaction, and from which I have drunk the deepest draughts even of classical lore, if I may be permitted to use the term in this connection, is Castellio's translation of the Bible. As a *translation* this great work has been subjected—and justly, to severe criticism; because he translates too freely. You have often a paraphrase of an expression—correctly enough—of the general sense, rather than a *translation*. It was his object to express the sublime truths of Revelation in pure classical Latin; and in that he succeeded. Whatever faults may be found with his liberties in construing his original, it would be a bold critic who should attempt to impeach his *Latinity*. He and Calvin and others of those noble men of their times wrote and spoke Latin, as if it had been their mother tongue.

My first attempts in the line of translating hymns into Latin, were made somewhere about twenty years ago. Among my earlier attempts was Lyte's beautiful hymn, beginning:—

“Abide with me, fast falls the eventide. (No. VI in this collection.) My aim was to render it into the measure of *classical Hexameter*. The leisure moments of some weeks or months, were employed upon the performance. The Rules of Prosody, which I had hitherto in a great measure neglected, had to be re-examined and studied up.

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My Grammar and Dictionary had also to be frequently consulted, and thus the precise meaning of words, with their grammatical inflections, were made familiar, and could be readily recalled.

I then studied the hymnology of the earlier and middle ages of the Christian Church. I learned the reasons why the writers of gospel hymns deserted the old heathen masters of song. New hopes, new thoughts and aspirations, could not be shackled by the arbitrary and unnatural restraints of heathen classics. The "New wine," as Archbishop Trench expresses it, "could not be confined in the old worn out bottles." It burst the old bottles without being itself lost, but gaining much by the change. Charmed as I had always been by the majesty and splendor of the Latin tongue, I was enraptured in reading it, when it rolled forth the music and the melody of Jehovah's praise. Claiming to be somewhat of a poet, and having seen several attempts at the translation of some of our beautiful evangelical hymns into Latin according to the rules of English Prosody, I made several attempts of the same kind. The exercise affording me much pleasure and intellectual profit, and receiving commendations from those whose judgment I had cause to esteem, I have continued the work from time to time as opportunities offered or could be obtained, occasionally sending one to the press, until my present collection amounts to over one hundred. I had not, until very recently, the slightest idea of

publishing a book, though I had been requested to do so. But encouraged by the commendations of competent judges, in different places, many of whom could have no personal bias in their judging, and following the impulses of my own desires and aspirations, I have decided to send my effusions to the press.

Those who will be able to peruse those popular hymns in their new garb, need not be told what the essentials of a poetic translation are. A good deal of liberty in translating "freely" must be allowed, and other concessions must be made. It may tend to tone down the translator's vanity and check his pride, should he be in that direction inclined, to be told that he is spared the most essential part of the business of a real poet, viz : *Invention*. The theme and the poetic images, and *fire*, are all furnished to his hand. To express the main thoughts, and to catch as best he can the inspiration of his author, and to convey the same in the smooth harmonious numbers of song, with no gross violation of the rules of the language into which he translates, can be all at which he can ordinarily aim.

I have also introduced a few original compositions, some of which were thought out as well as written at first in Latin. I may be allowed to disclaim any special merit in this, although it has evoked some surprise, and called forth some very kind expressions of commendation, since, after all, it

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was not so difficult a task as that of translating. For, here again the precious themes of the gospel—the subject of sacred song, are all furnished to your hand and in addition, *you are not hampered by your original*. You can choose your own theme and measures ; and your *rhymes* and *rhythm* are at your own disposal. If you cannot hit upon a suitable word to express your first idea, you can change the idea and perhaps find a better and a more expressive word than your first.

Again, our English hymns are for the most part composed either in *Iambic* measure or *Trochaic*. Now, in Latin verse, composed on the principles of modern Prosody, the former is much more difficult than the latter. Because, as in the pronunciation of Latin, every word of two syllables is accented on the first, thus forming a *Trochee*, and since the Latin abounds in words of two syllables, one can very easily find suitable words both at the *beginning* and at the *end* of each line. Not so with the *Iambic*. Here you are often hampered. You must frequently wish you had the English at command, with its rich fund of old Anglo-Saxon remains, so rich in monosyllables, so pliable to both those measures, (and to all others for that matter,) and which are so rare in Latin. The reader will notice that I have in general aimed, though not always, to give to the translation the same measure as is in the original.

It only remains to commend my feeble labours to the indulgence of my friends, to the lovers of Latin, and of sacred poetry, and to the "God of all grace, who is over all, God blessed for ever more. Amen."

S. T. R.

Hantsport, N. S., 1888.



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ENGLISH

T. R.

AND

LATIN HYMNS.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow !
Praise him, all creatures here below !
Praise him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Laudate Deum omnes vos
Coelestes, atque omnes nos,
Bonorum Fontem omnium :
Ut Patrem, Filium, Spiritum.

Laudemus Deum, omnes nos :
Hic omnes creaturae vos ;
Et acies coelestium—
Favorum Fontem omnium,
Ut Patrem, Filium, Spiritum.

A PROLOGUE.

YOU CAGE THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG.

By J. Byington Smith, D. D.

- 1 The caged bird will sweetly sing,
As when it soared on joyous wing,
And joined the choral melodies
With sweet resoundings through the skies.
You may the bird encage meanwhile,
Subject it to a durance vile ;
And yet 'twill blithesome notes prolong :
You cage the bird, but not the song.
- 2 No bars of cage can song confine,
For like the truth is song divine ;
And none can bars or fetters find
Which either truth or song can bind.
In grove or cage, on land or sea,
As free as air song floats as free.
The song the singer outlives long,
You cage the singer, not the song.
- 3 The song-birds sing in souls of some,
To souls of others never come ;
And soul where song is never heard
Is like the cage without the bird.
But where within their notes they raise,
There life becomes a psalm of praise,
E'en though encaged sing sweet and strong,
You cage the singer, not the song.
- 4 Birds sing within the prison cell :
Where sickness, want and sorrow dwell ;
When you admit them anywhere,
They sing their songs of gladness there.
And in the soul those songs abide,
Though cage and singer cast aside ;
From soul to soul they pass along,
You cage the singer, not the song.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., 1888.

PROLOGUS.

CANTATOR, SED NON CANTICUM.

- 1 In caveâ avis cantaret,
Ut quum in sole volitet,
Cum chori his melodiis
Nunc resonantis aeris.
Interea possis claudere
Hanc avem claustro p ssime;
Sed caneret potissimum;
Coerceas non canticum.
- 2 Non cantus claustris destruas;
Divini sunt, ut veritas:
Inventum nunquam claustrum sit
Quod cantus, verum, clauerit.
In sylvis vel in caveis,
Haec cantet avis hilaris;
Cantator non ut cārmen fit:
Ut hic, hoc nunquam periit.
- 3 In aliquibus cantent
Hae aves, aliis abstinent:
At sine cantu anima
Est sine avi cavea
At intus dum canentes stent,
Vitalia semper cantent:
Tu quamquam clausus, caneto:
Non vinctus cantus vinculo.
- 4 In carcer aves canerent:
Quō morbus, fames, dolor, stent:
Quōcunque tu admitteres,
Hae canant cantus felices.
In cordibus haec carmina
Maneutque per interita:
In omne sequens seculum;
Cantator non, sed canticum.

1.

The Rock of Ages.

- 1 Oh Rock of Ages, since on Thee,
By grace my feet are planted,
Tis mine the raging storm to see,
In quiet faith undaunted.
When angry bil'ows round me rave,
And tempests fier' e assail me,
To thee I cling, the t' rors brave,
For thou canst never fail me.
Tho' rends the globe with earthquake shock.
Thou standst unmoved, Eternal Rock!
- 2 Within thy clefts I love to hide,
When darkness o'er me closes ;
There peace and light serene abide,
And my stilled heart reposes.
My soul exults to dwell secure,
Thy strong munitions round her,
She dares to count her triumph sure,
Nor fears lest hell confound her,
Though tumults startle earth and sea,
Oh changeless Rock ! they shake not thee.
- 3 From thee, O Rock, once smitten, flow
Life-giving streams forever,
And whoso doth their sweetness know,
He thenceforth thirsteth never.
My lips have touched the crystal tide,
And feel no more returning,
The fever which so long I tried
To quench, but felt still burning.
Oh wondrous life-spring brimming o'er
With living waters evermore.
- 4 Oh that dread day when they that sleep
Shall hear the trumpet sounding,
And wake to praise or wake to ween,
The judgement throne surrounding !
When wrapped in all devouring flame,
The solid earth is wasting,

1.

Aeterna Rupes.

- 1 *Aeterna Rupes, quum in Te
Sistuntur pedes mei,
Est mihi nimbos cernere
Tranquillus, pace Dei.
Quum furiosi turbones
Horrendi circum tremunt,
Perigium mihi firmum es,
Turbones non me laedunt.
Si totus mundus scinditur,
Haec Rupes nunquam finditur.*
- 2 *In Te me amo abdere,
Tenebris quum obrutus ;
In luce, pace, vivere,
Et otiori tutus.
Manere illic gaudeo,
A Te circumfirmatus,
Et triumphare audeo,
In coelum ut elatus.
Tumultus orbem terreat !
O Rupes, Te non agitant !*
- 3 *Te olim fissa fluitant
Viventis aquae fontes ;
Sunt qui has aquas bibant,
Felices et insontes.
Has puras aquas bibito,
Et nunquam nunc sum fessus
E febre quam perpetuo,
Tam diu sum perpessus.
O mira Fons ! infundens es !
Viventes aquas perennes !*
- 4 *Quum dormientes surgerint
Ad dirum tubae sonum.
Et flentes vel laudantes sint,
Judicis circa thronum, —
In flammis involutus, tunc
Hic mundus consumetur,*

And what at first from nothing came,
Is back to nothing hastening.
Even then my soul shall calmly rest,
O Rock of Ages, on thy breast,

REV. DR. RAY PALMER.

2.

"I will put thee in a clift of the rock"

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling :
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace :
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgement throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
Let me hide myself in thee.

3.

A Refuge.

- 1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high :

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3

E nihil fabricatus, nunc
 In nihil convertetur—
 Tum requiescam placide,
 Aeterna Rupes, super Te !

2.

“In fissuram Rupis ponam te.”

- 1 Rupes Seculorum, Te.
 Pro me fissa, condam me !
 Aquae Fons et sanguinis,
 Duplex tui lateris,
 Scelerum purgatio
 Sit, et expiatio.
- 2 Nunquam possim exsequi,
 Tua lex quae mandet mi;
 Quamvis strenuus semper sim,
 Atque semper fleverim,
 Hoc nil expiaverit ;
 In Te solo salus sit.
- 3 Nil in manu tulero ;
 Tuae cruci hæreo ;
 Vestes mihi nudo des,
 Inopemque subleves ;
 Fonti fœdus advolo ;
 Nisi laves, pereo.
- 4 Dum vitalem haurio vim,
 Cumque moribundus sim,
 Quum per stellas evolem,—
 Ante tuum thronum stem,
 Rupes Seculorum, Te,
 Pro me fissa, condam me.

3.

Perfugium.

- 1 O Præsidium, Jesu mi,
 Fugiam tuo pectori,
 Torrens proprius æstuet,
 Dum procella fureret :

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring :
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou O Christ, art all I want :
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy Name ;
 I am all unrighteousness :
 False and full of sin I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

4.

“A people near unto Him.”

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

Hoc in vitæ turbine,
O Salvator, tege me !
Fac ut tutus, integer,
Tecum semper commorer.

2 Soli es Refugio :
 Tibi lassus hæereo :
Ne relinque solum me ;
 Sit solatium per Te.
Tibi dum confisus sim,
 Plenas opes tulerim :
Me defende debilem,
 Me tutator inopem.

3 Tu, O Jesu, mihi es
Omnes res optabiles :
 Aegrum, lapsum, sublevas,
 Opem fesso, coeco, das :
Facile es sanctissimus ;
 Ego sum perimprobus ;
Foedus, plenus scelerum—
 Tu, bonorum omnium

4 Gratia satis est in Te,
 Sontem perabsolvere.
Fluat flumen affatim,
 Purus ut ex toto sim.
Jesus, Fons vitalis es :
 Sumam quæ benigne des :
Vive mi in pectore,
 Fons Aeterna ! Domine !

Propinqui Eo Populi.

1 Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te,
 Etiamsi crux erit quae tollat me :
Canam continue—
 Mi Deus, præce Te ;
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.

2 Erroni noctu quamvis similis,
 Quiescam super stratum lapidis ;

2 Though like a wanderer,
 Weary and lone
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

3 Then let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 " Bethel " I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

5.

1 Just as I am—without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee !
 O, Lamb of God, I come !

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot :
 O, Lamb of God, I come !

Delectat esse me
In somnis prope Te;
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.

3 Ut scalae tunc ad coelos via sit;
Quaecunque mihi des, clementia fit:
Sunto coelicolae,
Nutantes vocent me,
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.

4 Tum experrecta laude fulget mens,
Petrosis malis "Bethel" extruens:
Sic moeror urget me,
Mi Deus, prope Te,
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.

5 Si laetis pennis findens aëra,
Relictis stellis, petam supera—
Quam jucundissime,
Cantabo—"Prope Te,
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te."

5.

1 Sicuti sum—nec sine spe,
Quia Tu mortuus es pro me,
Et jubes ire me ad Te—
O Agnus Dei, venio.

2 Sicuti sum—nec haesitem,
Ut maculas abluerem;
Mundus per tuum sanguinem,
O Agnus Dei, venio.

3 Sicuti sum—jactatus sim,
Et dubitans conflixerim,
Certansque, timens, perdo vim,
O Agnus Dei, venio.

4 Sicuti sum—miserrime
Cecus, nudusque omni re,
Ut omnia capiam in Te,
O Agnus Dei, venio,

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3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find :
 O, Lamb of God, I come !

4 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
 Because Thy promise I believe :
 O, Lamb of God, I come !

5 Just as I am—Thy love, I own,
 Has broken every barrier down :
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O, Lamb of God, I come !

6. *“Abide with us ; for the day is far spent.”*

1 Abide with me : fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord with me abide ;
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
 Change and decay on all around I see ;
 O thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile
 And tho' rebellious and perverse the while,
 Thou hast not left me oft as I left thee—
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

6 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-
 ows flee ;
 In life, in death, O Lord abide with me.

5 Sicuti sum—recipies,
Purgabis, solves, eximes ;
Nam credo quod promitteres :
O Agnus Dei, venio.

6 Sicuti sum—agnosco Te,
Salvasse per amorem me,
Ut tuus sim assidue,
O Agnus Dei, venio.

6.

*Cum nobis commorare, nam dies fere terminatus est.**

1 Mecum habita, Domine ! ultima labitur hora diei :
Quam tenebrae condensantur ! Tu mecum habi-
tato !
Deficiunt adjutores, atque omnia grata ;
Tu, qui non spernes inopes, O mecum habitato !

2 Ad metam tenuis vitae, properant rapidae horae ;
Blanditiae pereunt, et transit gloria mundi :
Omnia mutari, eorumpique, undique vidi ;
Tu qui immutatus remanes, O mecum habitato.

3 Te, Domine, est mihi nunc opus omni hora fugienti :
Tu solus valeas hostes mihi vincere saevos :
Tu solus firmum me, et salvum ducere possis ;
In tranquillo, in turbinibus, Tu, O mecum habitato.

4 Hostes non timeo, quum Tu stas praesto beare ;
Adversi casus faciles sunt, absque dolore ;
Terrores mortis, stimuli, et Victoria, desunt ;
Laetatusque exsultabo, nam mecum habitabis.

5 Mi juvenescenti, blandis Tu nempe favisti ;
Ah me ! quam brutus ! quam perversusque
remansi !
Non discessisti a me, saepe ut deserui Te :
O Domine, usque et ad extremum, Tu mecum
habitato.

*An attempt at classical hexameter.

6 Ad oculos crucem dormitanti mihi monstra :
 Illustra tenebras, et me erige visere coelos :
 En, umbrae fugiunt ! et mane rubescere coepit !
 In vita, in morte, O Domine, O Tu mecum habitato!

6.

The same after the method of modern Prosody.

- 1 Maneto mecum, vesper properat,
 Maneto Domine, tenebrescat :
 Absint auxilia, et dulcia ;
 Tu Soter inopum, O mecum sta !
- 2 Hae breves dies vitae, minuunt ;
 Terrestria bona omnia caeca sint :
 Mutata omnia circumspicio :
 Tu semper idem es, O maneto.
- 3 Aspectum brevem, non desidero.
 Ut cum discipulis, O maneto :
 Familiaris, comis, libere,
 Ut hospes non, sed mecum manere.
- 4 Non ut rex ferox, cum terroribus—
 At bonus et benignus medicus :
 Pro poenis nostris miseratio ;
 Amice improborum, maneto.
- 5 Presentia tua mecum semper sis :
 Tu modo hostes meos reprimis ;
 Salvator et Director solus es,
 Per omnes has vicissitudines.
- 6 Non timeo hostem quem tu praesto sis ;
 In malis bona sint ; in lacrimis ;
 Nec telum morti nec Victoria ;
 Sim Victor tua in potentia.
- 7 Tu irrisisti mihi juveni ;
 Et quamquam saepe te deserui,
 Tu me non statuistis linquere -
 Ad finem mane mecum, Domine.

8 O monstra crucem moribundo mi.
Coelestia da mihi videri :
Nox exit ; et lugescit maxime !
In vita et in morte, es, O Domine !

7.

Psalmus XXIII.

1 Est Jehova Pastor meus,
Meus Dominus et Deus,—
Ego impotens et reus—
Ergo non carebo.
Suam oveni stabulatque,
Prata graminosa datque,
Rivis placidis lavatque,
Illuc ducit, propinatque ;
Itaque valebo.

2 Animamque reportavit
Meam, saepe recreavit ;
Me quaesivit et servavit.
Optimus Curator.
Viis rectis, praeparatis,
Aequitati consecratis,
Dicit Deus bonitatis,
Propter suum nomen gratis,
Ductor et Salvator.

3 Transeam caliginosa
Loca, et calamitosa,
Dura, dira, luctuosa,
Hostes et obstantes :
Non formido aerumnosa
Mala, tetra, dolorosa ;
Gaudens fero lacrimosa,
Inter Te amantes.
Confidenter ibo Tegum ;
Nam Tu semper eris mecum ;
Tua virga, tuum pedum,
Ample consolantes.

4 Mensam mihi preparasque,
 Coram hostes, panem dasque ;
 In clementiâ prope stasque :
 Mea pax abundat :
 Sanctum oleum benignum,
 Super caput tam indignum
 Meum fundis, — clarum signum :
 Meum vas redundat.

5 Immo bonitas divina,
 Valetudo genuina,
 Cum clementiâ supernâ,
 Et benignitas aeterna,
 Semper me sequentur.

Dum in vitâ remanebo,
 Dei gratiâ gaudebo :
 Ejus domum habitabo,
 Ejus nomen collaudabo,
 Et indesinenter.

8.

“ What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.”

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee ;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be :
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition !
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest,
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me ;
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear :
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
 What a Father's smile is thine ;
 What a Saviour died to win thee ;
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

8.

*Quae mihi fuerant lucro, haec damnum estimavi
 pro Christo.*

1 Jesus, crucem meain tollo,
 Omnia linquere pro te ;
 Despicato, orbo, solo,
 Eris omnia pro me.
 Pereant ambitiones,
 Spes, et quæ desidero,
 Bonas sub conditiones,
 Nam cœlestia teneo.

2 Sim a mundo despicatus ;
 Sic tractatus Jesus sit
 Sim mortalibus fraudatus,—
 Quod a Jesu nunquam fit.
 Et dum es amicus meus,
 Possint nihil homines ;
 Deus vis, prudentiæ Deus,
 Gaudia et splendor es.

3 Possint homines turbare,—
 Propius tibi urget me ;
 Vitæ opera vexare,—
 Cœlum gratius facere.
 Sum plenissime servatus ;
 Nihil me sollicitet ;
 Omnibus que preparatus,
 Omnibus quæ Deus det.

4 Fide, precibusque eam,
 Et ad cœlum propero,
 Diem ad æternam meam,
 Me portante Domino.
 Cito mea terminetur
 Terræ peregrinatio ;
 Spes in gloriam mutetur,
 Laudem et precatio.

9.

*Translation.*Ps. C. DR. W. A. MCKE^WIE.

1 Come, in Jehovah's name rejoice ;
 Lift up in song your heart and voice ;
 Let all mankind glad tribute bring.
 With gladness come and serve the Lord ;
 With hallowed mirth your joy record ;
 Before His face exulting sing.

2 Our God is He—He gave us breath ;
 O'er us He reigns ; He saves from death ;
 Creation's Lord is He alone.
 He made us ; and He is our stay ;
 He guards and guides us, when we stray ;
 Seeks His lost sheep, and saves His own.

3 Come, crowd His gates with songs of praise,
 And fill His courts with sounding lays,
 Proclaim the Lord your Sovereign King :
 His grace and truth, so firm and sure,
 His faithfulness, which must endure,
 Through endless ages we shall sing.

Psalm C.

- 1 In Jehovam vos ovate,
Et gaudete, et cantate,
Omnes terram habitantes.
Laeti Dominum, servite,
Et cum gaudio gestite,
Coram Illum triumphantes.
- 2 Nostrum Deus est Creator,
Dominator et Salvator.
Deus unus, Auctor rerum :
Fecit nos, et nos nutritivit,
Regit, tutat, repetivit,
Oves perditos, ad Herum.
- 3 Ejus portas introite ;
Claris laudibus adite ;
Illum Dominum clamantes :
Illum bonum, semper verum,
Fidelissimumque Herum,
In aeternum adorantes.

10.

Mercies gratefully acknowledged.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 By thy hand sustained, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I've come ;
Safely, Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 5 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Hear's my heart ; O take and seal it ;
Seal it from thy courts above.

11.

Christ the great Physician.

- 1 How lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul :
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

10.

- 1 Veni, Fons favoris omnis,
Fac ut corde canam Te :
Benedictionum flumen,
Ad laudandum vocat me.
- 2 Doce quoddam dulce carmen,
Quod coelestes concinunt ;
Super montem Laudis stare,
Quo aeterna bona sunt.
- 3 Hic erexi Ebenezer ;
Veni huc, juvante te :
Atque spero, tc favente,
Salvum domum ire me.
- 4 Alienum quaesivisti,
Procul me ab ovile ;
Me ingratum redimisti
Tuo sacro corpore.
- 5 Mea debita, quam multa !
Debitorque semper sum :
Tua gratiae, catena,
Liget me erraticum.
- 6 Aberrare sum propensus ;
Deum meum linquere !
Ecce 'cor,' O cape, signa,
Semper tuum esse me.

11.

Medicus optimus est Christus.

- 1 Quum ego fui perditus,
Salvavit Jesus me :
Est solum unus medicus
Morbosae animae.
- 2 Ad portam mortis jactus sum,
Sanavit illine me ;
Nunc nunciator factus sum,
Potentis gratiae.

2 The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compared with sin ;
 On every part it seizes,
 But rages most within :
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness, all combined ;
 And none but a believer
 The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing
 I thought a cure to gain ;
 But this proved more distressing,
 And added to my pain :
 Some said that nothing ailed me,
 Some gave me up for lost :
 Thus every refuge failed me,
 And all my hopes were crossed

4 At length, this great Physician—
 How matchless is his grace !—
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case ;
 First gave me sight to view him, —
 For sin my eyes had sealed,
 Then bade me look unto him :
 I looked, and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death :
 Come, then, to this Physician ;
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition ;
 'Tis only look and live.

3 Ah ! morbis lethalissimis
 Peccatum pejus sit ;
 Credentibus, non aliis,
 Solatiumque fit.

4 Vae ! morbi hic omnigeni
 In eo juncti sunt :
 Noscentes toti corpori,
 At intus Saeviunt.

5 E multum se jactantibus,
 Curari quaesii ;
 Sed fiebam plus morbidus ;
 Angores additi.

6 Nam aliis dixit : "Sanus es":
 Et aliis : "Perditus";
 Fallebat me sic ominis spes,
 Et mansi morbidus.

7 Sed tandem iste Medicus—
 Quam gratiosus sit !
 Assensus meis praecibus,
 Curator mei fit.

8 Is primum dedit oculos,
 Quod excaecatus sum :
 Tum mihi dixit : "vide nos :"
 Vidi — sanatus tum.

9 Heus ! ergo, heus ! agitedum !
 Vos ounnes miseri !
 Videte istum medicum,
 Fitote validi.

10 En ! Jesu exhibitio !
 Is exaltatus est :
 Perfacilis conditio :
 " Videnti datus est."

12.

Condition of the Heathen.

- 1 From Greeland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,—
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown :
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny ?
Salvation ! O, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

12.

Paganorum conditio.

- 1 Greenlandii e montibus,
Ex Indiae littoribus —
Et Africae ex fontibus :—
Auriferis liquoribus :
E multis rivis antiquis,
Planisque ex palmiferis,
Clamatur de mancipiis,
Erroris vinctis vinculis.
- 2 Dum aurae aromaticae
Ceyloni spirant insulae,
Et multae sint deliciae,
Sunt foedi viri, feminae :
Sint dona multiptiplicia,
Sed vana haec delicia ;
Caecati quia homines,
Adorant ligna, lapides.
- 3 Nos luminati animi,
Scientes evangelii :
Ad tenebrosos homines,
Portemus vitae lampades.
Salvatio ! Salvatio !
Clametur proclamatio,
Ut audiat omnis natio,
Et omnis generatio.
- 4 O ocior vente, agedum !
O spira evangelium !
Volvate, amnes, nuncium,
Ut ubique dispergitum,
Sit omnibus impertitum :
Tum in redemptos homines,
Tu, Agnus Dei, imperes,
Redemptor, Rex, Salvator tu,
In laeto tuo reditu.

13.

The heavenly Canaan.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes,—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

14.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer ! Sweet hour of prayer !
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known ;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief ;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

13.

Chanaan Coeleste.

- 1 Est pura felix regio,
Coelicolae quo sunt,
Aeterna dies regnat quō
Tenebrae fugiunt.
- 2 Aeternum ver hic rexerit,
Et flores florerent :
At mors exiguum fretum sit
Et fluctus terrorent.
- 3 Sunt agri extra flumina,
Florentes ubique :
Ut Judeis Chananea,
Obstante Jordane.
- 4 Mortales autem trepidi,
Hoc fretum timeant,
Ad littoraque tremuli,
Cunetantes haesitant.
- 5 O faciamus fugere,
Hos omnes pavores,
Et videamus tranquille,
Hos locos felices,—
- 6 Quō Moses stetit stemus, tum
Haec arva visimus ;
Nos volumus propemodum,
In amnis fluctibus.

14.

Hora dulcis precationis.

- 1 O horae, O dulcissimae !
E curis avocantes me :
Ut ante thronum Patris stem,
Et dicam quae desiderem.
Dum tristis, in aerumnis sim,
Inveniam salutis vim,
Et e tentore fugiam,
Per horam hanc dulcissimam.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To him whose truth and faithfulness,
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care.
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 May I thy consolation share;
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight:
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout, while passing thro' the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

15

Amazing Grace.

1 Amazing grace.—how sweet the sound!
 That saved a wretch like me;
 I once was lost, but now am found;
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved:
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 His grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be
 As long as life endures.

2 O nora beatissima !
 Ad praeceas alas applica,
 Ut eant velocissime.
 Cui beat fidelissime.
 " Me," dicit nobis, " quaerite,
 Et meum verbum credite;"
 Nunc omnes curas illi do,
 Dum istam horam habeo.

3 O hora beatissima !
 Consoler tuâ gratiâ;
 In altem montem Phasge stem,
 Ut meam domum viderem.
 Tum corpus meum jaciam,
 Aeternam palmam capiam;
 Ascendam magno gaudio,
 Et vale ! vale ! clamabo.

15.

Gratia Mirabilis.

1 Clementia mirifica,
 Me salvat miserum !
 Est perdita haec anima,
 At nunc salvatus sum.

2 Me gratia fecit timidum,
 Tum liberavit me ;
 Quam multum delectatus sum,
 Confidens facile.

3 Per multa nunc pericula,
 Jamdudum veniam ;
 Me tulit huc clementia,
 Et coelum capiam.

4 Is mihi bona promisit,
 Et verbum Dei stat ;
 Is mei seuta, portio fit,
 Dum vita teneat.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess within the veil
 A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth will soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine ;
 But God, who called me here below,
 Will be forever mine.

16.

Trusting God.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills which I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die that so I may
 With joy behold the judgment day.

4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep ;
 Thy watchful station near me keep,
 My heart with love celestial fill,
 And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my heart forever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care :
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face and sing thy love.

5 Et dum hoc corpus jaciam,
 Et imortalis sim ;
 In coelis tum recipiam
 Aeternae vitae vim.

6. Solutus mundus fuerit,
 Sol obscuratus stet ;
 Sed Deus qui me vocavit,
 Aeterno habitet.

16.

In Deo Confidentialia.

1 Do gratias tibi Domine,
 Pro hoc diei lumine ;
 Conserva me, Rex regium,
 Tu esto mi Refugium.

2 Per tui Filii merita,
 Condonata mea vita,
 Ut tecum, tecum, omnibus,
 Nunc requiescam placidus.

3 O Doce mortem spernerem,
 Ut audax, ego dormitem ;
 Et doce me sic vivere,
 Ut gaudiam resurgere.

4 Conserva me dum dormio,
 Te ipsum prope teneto ;
 Sit corde meo gratia,
 Et absint mala ominia.

5 Pac, Domine, semper habeam,
 Paternam tuam gratiam .
 Sit coelum hic et illuc, quum,
 Te videns, canam Dominum.

17.

A Morning Invocation.

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice
2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to 'th eternal King.
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I to thee my vows renew ;
Dispel my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with true delight,
In thy sole glory may unite.

18

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross.
And sung the triumph when he rose.

17.

Invocatio Matutina.

- 1 O mea anima, agendum;
Cum sole fac curriculum;
Rejice nunc desidias;
Fac matutinas gratias.
- 2 Cor meum, surge, leva te,
Cum angelisque canere;
Perpetuo clamantibus,
"Laudandus Deus Dominus "
- 3 Conservavisti, Deus, me,
Dum dormiebam placide;
E morte dum resurgerem,
Da, Domine, tecum requiem
- 4 Me rursus tibi voveo,
Lavato me ab vitio;
Et rege meam animam,
Repleto mihi gratiam.
- 5 Me doce, rege, hodie,
Cum omnibus in omni re;
Tum cum perfecto gaudio,
Te Deum meum laudabo.

18.

Bellum Christianum.

- 1 Nunc agendum; mea anima,
In armis evangelii sta;
Terrores omnes dissipa,
Portisque i coelestibus
Quō ivit tuus Dominus.
- 2 Peccata et inferna stant,
Tuasque vias obstruant;
At subjugati hostes hi,
Sunt, cruce Jesu Domini.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
 Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

19.

Pardon prenitently implored.

1 Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
 Let a repenting rebel live ;
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ;

2 1 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace ;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;
 So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
 Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.

4 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
 Against thy Law, against thy grace ;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death ;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

- 3 I forte, ergo, anima ;
Portisque coeli propera ;
Quō pax, aeternum gaudium,
Victoribus sunt praemium.
- 4 Cum stellis coronatus tum,
Triumphabo in Dominum ;
Et omnes hi sanctissimi,
Sonabunt laudem Domini.

19.

Remissio paenae cum poenitentia implorata.

- 1 O miserere Domine,
Permitte meque vivere ;
Nam magna tua gratia,
Est mihi confidētia.
- 2 Permagna mea crimina,
Sed major tua gratia ;
Nam tu non limitatus es,
Remissionem ergo des.
- 3 O lava meam animam,
Et purga conscientiam ;
In corde nam oppressus sum,
Peccatis et obsessus sum.
- 4 Peccata haec cum pudore,
Confiteor humillime ;
Severe si tu judices,
Peream, at tu justus es.
- 5 Si cito condemnatus sim,
Ah me ! nam sentiam mortis vim ;
Si in inferno peream,
Per justam legem jaceam.
- 6 Sed improbum salvato me,
Confido tibi, Domine ;
Inventa sit promissio,
Et plena consolatio.

20.

The heavenly home.

- 1 There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high ;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
Faith lives upon his word ;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

21.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

TRANSLATION.

By W. S. McKenzie.

- 1 Thy blood. O Christ. thy precious blood,
From thee flowed forth, a sacred flood.
Thy cross hath shown thy love and grace,
What thou didst bear to bless our race.
- 2 Thy blood, a cleansing stream, out gushed !
From thy pure heart, the current rushed !
Thy depths of love we ne'er shall know
'Till we can sound thy depths of woe.

20.

Domus Coelestis.

- 1 Est domus altior omnibus ;
In altis coelis sit ;
Hie manens meus animus,
Dum mihi expedit.
- 2 Terrena habitatio,
Cito dissolvitur :
Et ego multum guadebo,
Dum corpus volvitur.
- 3 Omnipotens potentia
Pro coelis praeparat ;
Et arrham in presentia,
Per Spiritumque dat.
- 4 Per fidem ambulemus, et
Per verbum vivimus ;
Et dum hoc corpus domus stet,
Est absens Dominus.
- 5 Est dulce verbum credere,
Videre dulcior ;
Absentes ergo corpore,
In coelis volumnus.

21.

Christi Sanguis Pretiosus.

(ORIGINAL).

- 1 Sanguis tuus preciosus,
Jesu, fluxit generosus,
Tuâ crucis demonstrasti,
Quanti mundum aestimasti.
- 2 Quam benigne fluxit unda,
Tua corde calebunda ;
Amor Dei quam profundus,
Tuâ discat morte mundus.

- 3 Thy blood shall tune my tongue to praise ;
Thy cross shall wake my joyful lays.
Nor threats, nor flames, nor gleaming sword,
Shall drive me from thy cross, O Lord.
- 4 Thy blood, O Christ, hath power to smite
The hosts of hell, to curb their might.
Both law and justice it maintains,
Yet frees the culprit from his chains.
- 5 Thy blood can make thee friends of foes ;
Can rescue souls from endless woes.
O matchless blood ! what might is thine !
What wondrous blood is blood divine !

22.

The Old Old Story.

- 1 Tell me the old, old story,
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory
 Of Jesus and his love.
 Tell me the story simply,
 As to a little child,
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.
- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
 That I may take it in ;
 That wonderful redemption,
 God's remedy for sin.
 Tell me the story often,
 For I forget so soon ;
 The early dew of morning
 Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones, and grave ;
 Remember ! I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save.
 Tell me that story always,
 If you would really be,
 In any time of trouble,
 A comforter to me.

- 3 Tuam sanguinem cantabo,
Tuam crucem celebrabo ;
Nullus terror, ferrum, ignis,
Me divellat tuis signis.
- 4 Salvatoris mei sanguis,
Potestatem fregit anguis ;
Jus, aequumque demonstravit,
Condemnatos liberavit.
- 5 O benignitas profunda !
Caritas, O mirabunda !
Inimicos, perditosque,
Salvos, facit, amicosque.

22.

Narratio Ista Antiquissima.

- 1 Narrate istas antiquas
Mirabilesque res ;
Nae Christum ejus glorias,
Nunc invisibles.
Narrate apertissime,
Ut parvo puero ;
Sum debilis mi magnopere,
Vilisque, sordeo.
- 2 Narrato mi lentissime,
Ut hane intelligam ;
Redemptionem hanc pro me,
Jesu elementiam.
Sepissime mi narrato,
Nam mens infirma sit ;
Similis rori liquido,
Qui cito periit.
- 3 O moliter narrato mi,
Narrato serio ;
Memento ejus improbi
Salvandi Domino.
O semper hanc narrato mi,
Si consolator sis ;
Quum in maestitiam concidi,
In rebus turbidis.

4 Tell me the same old story,
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me to dear,
 Yes, and when that world's glory
 Is dawning on my soul,
 Tell me the old, old story :
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

23.

The wonderful love of Christ.

1 One there is above all others,
 Oh how he loves!
 His is love beyond a brother's
 Oh how he loves!
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
 But this friend will ne'er deceive us.
 Oh how he loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know him,
 Oh how he loves!
 Think, O think how much we owe Him,
 Oh how he loves'
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To His fold He safely brought us.
 Oh how he loves!

3 We have found a friend in Jesus,
 Oh how he loves!
 'Tis His great delight to bless us,
 Oh how he loves!
 How our hearts delight to hear him
 Bid us dwell in safety near Him,
 Why should we distrust or fear Him ?
 Oh how he loves!

4 Through His name we are forgiven,
 Oh how he loves!
 Backward shall our foes be driven,
 Oh how he loves!

4 Narretur haec historia,
 Quum suspicatus es
 Ut vana mundi gloria,
 Divinas turbet res.
 Immo dum coeli gloria,
 Splendescet super me,
 Haec antiqua historia,
 Narreter tum a te.

23.

Christi dilectio mirabilis.

1 Unus omnium est supremus,—
 Quam amat nos!
 Amor suus est extremus,
 Quam amat nos!
 Amicissimus mortalis
 Saepe fiat inaequalis;
 At not fallet hic sodalis,
 Quam amat nos!

2 Cognoscamus nos vivemus,
 Quam amat nos!
 En! quam multum nos debemus,
 Quam amat nos;
 In deserto nos invenit,
 Sanguine redemptos lenit,
 Domum tulit, tutos moenit,
 Quam amat nos!

3 Nos laetissimus dilexit,
 Quam amat nos!
 Amicissimus inspexit,
 Quam amat nos!
 Audientes pergaudemus,
 Apud eum habitemus,
 Confidentes, non timemus,
 Quam amat nos!

4 Culpae nostrae remittuntur,
 Quam amat nos!
 Omnes hostes subiguntur,
 Quam amat nos!

Best of blessings He'll provide us,
 Naught but good shall e'er betide us,
 Safe to glory He will guide us.
 Oh how he loves!

24.

Christ the Lamb enthroned and worshipped.

- 1 Hark ! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above ;
 Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love ;
 See, he sits on yonder throne !
 Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
 All above and gives it worth ;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms thy saints on earth ;
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign forever ;
 Thine an everlasting crown ;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine wn
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
 Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
 Then, with golden harps we'll sing
 "Glory, glory to our King."

25.

The dying Christian.

- 1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O, quit this mortal frame ;
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 O, the pain, the bliss, of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Rebus optimis fruentes,
 Mala null*a* sentientes,
 Dicit, coelos possidentes,
 Quam amat nos!

24.

Agnus coronatus et adoratus Christus est.

- 1 Ecce! mille milliesque
 Coelis citharae vocesque;
 Dei laudem resonantes,
 Jesum regem proclamantes;
 Ecce! super thronum sedit;
 Jesus solus mundum regit.
- 2 Jesu Salve! cuius gloria
 Ubique illustrat omnia;
 Dominus vitae, qui subridens,
 Perlaetatur omnis fidens;
 Dum nos contempleremus te,
 Pergaudemus, Domine.
- 3 Gloriose Rex aeterne,
 Rege subter et superne;
 Ilos quos redemptos amas,
 Tibi semper salvos sacras;
 O quam benedicti sunt,
 Te aeterno instabunt.
- 4 Veni cito, O Salvator;
 Juste judex et Creator;
 Tuba sonans signa clangat,
 Caelum, terram omnia frangat;
 Tum psalteris canemus,
 “Gloriosus Rex Supremus.”

25.

Christianus moriens.

- 1 Coelestis vitae scintilla,
 Relinque haec mortalia;
 Sperans, cunctans, volans, tremens,
 Doleo gaudens nunc decedens:
 Siste amans natura,
 Languere in vitam da.

2 Hark!—they whisper ; angels say,
 “ Sister spirit, come away ; ”
 What is this absorbs me quite ?—
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

3 The world recedes ; it disappears ;
 Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring ;
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 “ O Grave where is thy victory ?
 O Death, where is thy sting ? ”

26.

The Good Shepherd.

1 I was wandering and weary,
 When my Saviour came unto me,
 For the ways of sin seemed dreary,
 And the world had ceased to woo me,
 And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He passed upon His way,
 “ O wandering souls come near me,
 My sheep should never fear me,
 I am the Shepherd true.”

2 At first I would not hearken,
 But put off till to-morrow ;
 But the way began to darken,
 And I grew sick with sorrow,
 And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He passed upon His way,
 “ O wandering souls come near me,
 My sheep should never fear me,
 I am the Shepherd true.”

3 At last I turned to listen,
 His voice could ne’er deceive me ;
 I saw His kind eyes glisten,
 So anxious to relieve me,
 And I thought I heard Him say,

2 St! susurrunt angeli ;
 "Soror, anima, adveni!"
 Quid est hoc quid rapit me?
 Capiens quod sit mortale?
 Sensus meos, halitus,—
 Dice, sitne obitus?

3 Mundana omnia decadant,
 Oculi coelos videant ;
 Coelestes sonos audio ;
 O surgam, volem, alas da!
 O mors, quō sit victoria?
 Aeuleusque tuus quō?

26.

Hic Pastor Bonus.

1 Errabundus fui fessus,
 Quando institit Salvator,
 Num peccatis sum oppressus,
 Cessans mundus ut amator ;
 Et andivi venientem
 Salvatorem et dicentem,
 "Mei oves, o venite,
 Ne timete nec abite,
 Ego verus pastor sum."

2 Eum primum, heu ! neglexi ;
 In futurū prorogavi ;
 Verum tenebras aspexi,
 Et dolore aegrotavi ;
 Et audivi venientem,
 Salvatorem et dicentem,
 "Mei oves, O venite,
 Ne timete nec abite,
 Ego verus pastor sum."

3 Tum quievi auscultare,
 Certe non allucinatus,
 Eum id desiderare,
 Ego sim ut liberatus ;
 Ex andivi procedentem,

As He passed upon His way,
 "O wandering souls come near me,
 My sheep should never fear me,
 I am the Shepherd true."

4 He laid me on His shoulder,
 And tenderly He kissed me ;
 I felt my love grow bolder
 As He said how He had missed me.
 And I'm sure I heard Him say,
 As He passed upon His way,
 "O wandering souls come near me,
 My sheep should never fear me
 I am the Shepherd true."

5 I thought His love would weaken
 As more and more He knew me ;
 But it burneth like a beacon,
 And its light and heat go through me.
 And I ever heard Him say,
 As He passed upon His way,
 "O wandering souls come near me,
 My sheep should never fear me,
 I am the Shepherd true."

6 Let us do then, Christian brothers,
 What will most and longest please us ;
 Follow not the ways of others,
 But trust ourselves to Jesus,
 We shall ever hear Him say,
 As He passes on His way,
 "O wandering souls come near me,
 My sheep should never fear me,
 I am the Shepherd true."

27.

The hour of my departure.

1 The hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;
 At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,
 And let thy servant die in peace.

Et blandissime dicentem,
 “Mei oves O venite,
 Ne timete nec abite,
 Ego verus pastor sum.”

4 Me in humeros levavit,
 Me amanter osculatus ;
 Esse fortem me mandavit,
 Quia valde sum amatus,
 Ex audi vi et dicentem,
 Suā viā procedentem,
 “Mei oves, o venite,
 Ne timete, nec abite,
 Ego verus pastor sum.”

5 Suus amor, ut frigescat,
 Quum sim notus, fui ratus ;
 Verum maxime fervescat,
 Cujus igne sum flammatus ;
 Et dilecat me audire,
 Repetentem eum ire,
 “Mei oves, O venite,
 Ne timete, nec abite,
 Ego verus pastor sum.”

6 Fratres cari, faciemus,
 Quod sit melius et jucundum ;
 Nos ut alii non geremus,
 Hunc dum habiteinus mandum ;
 Christo Jesu confidemus,
 Et dicentem audiemus,
 “Mei oves, o venite,
 Nec timete, nec abite,
 Ego verus pastor sum.”

27.

Hora mei abitus.

I Nunc exeundum est mihi de vita,
 Vox jubens me ire edomo audit ;
 Nunc, O mi Deus, tristitia abesto ;
 Et mihi moribundo tranquillitas adesto.

2 The race appointed I have run !
 The combat's o'er the prize is won ;
 And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust ;
 I bow before thee in the dust !
 And through my Saviour's blood alone
 I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
 Save for the friends I held so dear ;
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
 And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at thy command,
 I give my spirit to thy hand ;
 Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
 And shield me in the last alarms.

6 The hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;
 Now, O my God ! let trouble cease ;
 Now let thy servant die in peace.

28.

1 O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call,
 My comfort by day and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation my all.

1 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
 To feed on the pastures of love ?
 For why in the valley of death should I weep ?
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

3 Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,
 Or cry in the desert for bread ?
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see
 And smile at the tears I have shed.

2 Confeci bellum, et cursum statutum,
 Quorumque nunc premium cepi solutum,
 Nam penes coelestes nunc sum consignatus,
 Coelisque sublimis nunc sum comprobatus.

3 E mundo migransque non cogar dolere ;
 Sed meis amatis non possim non flere ;
 Tu praesens illis, O Deus, prodesto,
 Amicum orbisque tu te praebens esto.

4 Nunc innocentiam meam ignoro ;
 Prostratusque humi te supplex imploro ;
 Ad tuum thronum per Christi cruentum,
 Misericordiam solam implorem.

5 En ! tibi adsum, per tuum mandatum ;
 In tuas manus do vitam et fatum ;
 Aeterna brachia tua extende,
 In horis summisque me praesto defende.

6 Adventat hora migrandi e vita ;
 E domo vocans me vox est audita ;
 Nunc demum, 'omine, tristitia abesto,
 Et mihi morienti tranquilitas adesto.

28.

1 O tu qui es semper mi voluptati,
 Quem voco afflictus quum sim,
 Diebus et noctibus consolas mi,
 Spem donans, et pacem, et vim.

2 Quō eas cum ovibus meridie ?
 In amoris pascuis sis ?
 Cur valle in mortis sit meum flere,
 Erransque in angustiis ?

3 O cur alienus errarem a te,
 Cur quaeram desertis panem ?
 Tui hostes exultent me videre,
 Gaudientque quum ego flerem.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare have you seen
 The Star that on Israel shone ?
 Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
 Or where with his flocks he has gone ?

5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
 His vestments shed odors around ;
 The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
 When autumn with plenty is crowned.

6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow,
 In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
 On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the chambers of death ;
 The Cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
 And the air is perfumed with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace ;
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
 know,
 And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word ;
 He speaks, and eternity filled with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

29.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till sun's shall rise and set no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head ;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

4 Sionis O filiae, docete me,
Hanc stellam vidistis nitidam ?
Meus Amor hic vobiscum fuitne ?
Et eum et greges queramque.

5 Hic sit meus Amor, divinus est Is,
Suae vestes sunt perollidae ;
Sua coma racemis est similis,
Antun:ni in ubertate.

6 Vox ejus ut musica sambucae sit,
Per obitus cubicula ;
Et sylva Libani prostraverit,
Odorat afflatus aera.

7 Et lilia, rosae et Sharoniae,
Ad flumina in vallibus ;
Splendescant in facie pulcherrimae,
Et lucis pharetra oculus.

8 Est labria sua ut fons gratiae,
Quae hortos salutis irrigat,
Quâ gentes fuerintque salvissimae,
In luce quam facies dat.

9 Is videt, et angeli pergaudeant,
Expectant et coelicolae,
Is loquitur, omnia laudemque dant,
In omni aeternitate.

29.

Christi Regnum inter Gentes.

1 Regnabit Jesus ubique,
Quô sol splendescat lumine ;
Litoribus ad littora,
In seculorum secula.

2 Pro illo praeces factae sint ;
Aeternae landes fuerint ;
Et nomen ejus olebit,
Ut dulce libamentum fit.

3 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
 The joyful prisoner bursts his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
 Death and the curse are known no more ;
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

30.

Out of the depths.

BY REV. W. S. MCKENZIE.

“Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.”
 Ps. 130: 1.

1 Dark problems vexed my jaded mind :
 Long time I searched and sought to find
 Their true interpretation.
 To God I cried : “Where is thy might ?
 Shall wicked men, outraging Right,
 Escape thine indignation ?

2 I grieve and groan o'er wrong and woe !
 Why thy delay ? Thou art so slow
 To make due restitution !
 How long ! O Lord, how long ! I pray,
 O thou just Judge, speed on the day
 Of righteous retribution.”

3 Et quidem omnes populi,
Confident suo nomini;
Infantes eum laudabunt,
Et ejus nomen plaudabunt.

4 In locis omnibusque quō,
Regnabit Ille omnino,
Regnabit i lic libertas,
Pax, salus, gaudium et fās.

5 Salutem ubi Ille dat,
Nec mors nec maledictio stat;
At omnibus homnibus,
Sit benefactor Dominus.

6 Heus! omnes, heus! agitedum,
Magnificate Dominum;
Vos, angeli, descendite,
Laudate, omnia, ubique.

30.

De Profundis.

“*De Profundis invocavi Te, O Domine.*”

1 Contempler dum mysteria,
Obscura haec aenigmata,
Permultum sim perplexus;
Deoque saepe questus sum,
De vitiis mortalium,
Et justus sic neglectus.

2 De pravitate doleo,
Et quare sit dilatio?
Et nunquam restitutio?
“Quousque,” dico, “Domine,
Non festinas exigere,
Ut fiat retributio?”

3 My plaints and prayers were vainly made :
 Wrong still prevailed while yet I prayed
 For God's just condemnation :
 Then sinful doubts my mind enthralled ;
 The shackles of my bondage galled
 My soul to aggravation.

4 The fetters strong that held me fast
 I strove in vain from me to cast,—
 My striving made them stronger.
 Then came a voice : "Tis not for thee
 To haste the wrath withheld by me,
 Contend, my child, no longer."

5 With strength vouchsated my chains I broke ;
 And suddenly my spirit woke—
 A light was round me shining !
 "Henceforth," I cried, "to thee I'll raise,
 O God, a song of grateful praise,
 And hush all rash repining."

6 Now faith is firm, that in the end
 God's justice will the Right defend,
 And make due reparation.
 For God is such, he needeth not
 To haste the doom of evil wrought,
 To prove his indignation.

7 All wrong now hid in earth's dark night
 Will be revealed in clearest light,
 And none can then dissemble.
 Then righteousness shall win the day,
 And God no longer will delay
 To make the guilty tremble.

8 That day speeds on—'tis near, I ween ;
 The day-break, with its golden sheen,
 The morn of Christ's appearing.
 In every land, in every clime,
 Events portend the destined time,—
 The time is surely nearing.

3 Sint vanae omnes praeces hae ;
 Continuant miseriae,
 Non judicaret Deus ;
 Tum fiat mens ambigua,
 Et vincetus per haec vincula,
 Est animus tum meus.

4 Haec vincula quae ligant me
 Non possim ego frangere,
 Sint plus potentiora ;
 Tum clamat vox : " Non est pro te
 Judicia mea regere ;
 Dessine ! nec implora."

5 Tum frangam, suo robore,
 Catenas has ligantes me,
 Lux circum me resplendens ;
 Me fecit ut intelligam,
 Planissime justitiam,
 Laudensque et defendens.

6 Nunc fides firma mihi sit,
 Justitia facta fuerit,
 Et facta reparatio ;
 Deumque nunquam oportet,
 Ut festinanter judicet,
 Ut fiat indignatio.

7 Judicia quae latitent,
 Cum clarâ luce splendescant,
 Tum nihil non visetur ;
 Triumphabit Justitia,
 Condemnans omnia vitia,
 Quam mundus judicetur.

8 Nunc illa dies festinat,
 Et omnis res hoc indicat,
 Quum Jesum videremus ;
 Climatibus in omnibus,
 Dat signa hujus Dominus,
 Quem cito expectemus.

9 But who may bide that testing hour,
 When Christ shall come in dreadful power,
 And sleeping dead are waking ?
 - What shelter then shall sinners find ?
 What wrong elude th' omniscient mind,
 When God strict search is making ?

10 On thee, thou Son of God who died,
 On thee alone, thou Crucified,
 My hope is now depending.
 When seated on thy judgment throne,
 Thou wilt thy ransomed people own,
 And give them bliss unending.

11 Then thou wilt show thy grace to me,—
 That grace all precious, priceless, free,
 Electing, interceding.
 My doubts and fears no more molest ;
 My refuge is thy loving breast ;
 No other am I needing.

31.

Precious Promises.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
 What more can he say than to you he hath said—
 You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

2 In every condition,—in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,—
 As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not ; I am with the ; O, be not dismayed ;
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 to stand
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

9* At Illum qui sustinerent,
 Quum omnes ante eum stent,
 Et mortui et viventes?
 Ah! quō tum fugient improbi,
 Dum Judicantis oculi,
 Sint omnia tenentes?

10 In te, O Dei Filie,
 Te qui es mortuus pro me,
 Nunc spero et sperabo;
 Quum super thronum Dei sis,
 Defensor tuis fueris;
 Te itaque laudabo.

11 Tum mihi dabis gratiam,
 Munificam, plenissimam;
 Dona beatissima:
 Nunc mihi non sint dubia,
 Sed plena confidentia,
 Et tibi plena gloria.

31.

Promissiones Pretiosae.

1 Quam firmum fundamentum sit,
 Vos sancti Domini!
 Quod Deus vobis posuit,
 In verbo fidei?
 Quid amplius possit dicere,
 Quam ille dixerat?
 Qui volunt illi fugere,
 Refugium illis dat.

2 Dum omnibus in casibus,
 Vel pauper, divis sis,
 Morbosus sis vel validus,
 Salutem dabit Is.
 Per terras vel per maria,
 Et quum tu domi es,
 Dona pro te coelestia,
 Ab eo caperes.

3 “Ne terreri nam tecum sim,
 Tranquillus semper sis,”
 Ait Deus, “tibi dabo vim,
 Et eris stabilis.”

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
 The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchanegable love ;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
 That soul though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

32.

Psalm C.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
 Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
 Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
 Without our aid he did us make ;
 We are his flock, he doth us feed,
 And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
 Approach with joy his courts unto ;
 Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why ? the Lord our Good is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

“ Per aquas turbidasque, quum,
Oportet ire te,
Dolores non invadent, tum
Incedes apud me.”

4 “ Turbationes omnes sint
Beatitudines ;
Haec tibi bona fuerint,
Beatior illis es.”
“ Dum et per flummas via sit,
Vigorem suppleam,
Et dolor nunquam fuerit,
Per meam gratiam.”

5 “ Ad senectutem veniens,
Tu mihi curae sis ;
Et amor meus providens,
Sit promptus, facilis.”
In Jesum qui incumberet,
Relinquet nunquam Is ;
Infernū totum si obstet,
Hic stabit stabilius.

32.

Psalmus C.

1 Heus ! omnes terrae populi !
Vos Deum nunc extollite ;
Servite Illum liberi,
Propinqui Eum servite.

2 Est verus Deus Dominus,
Hoc noscite—Creator Is ;
Nos sumus suis gregibus,
Ut oves hujus Pastoris.

3 Agitedum ! introite !
Magnificetur Dominus ;
In suo templo canite ;
Quod bonus sit pro omnibus.

4 Et quare ? quia bonus sit,
Cui bonitas firmissima ;
Aeterna veritasque fit,
In seculorum secula.

33.

Thy sun shall no more go down.

- 1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I cannot die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine,
Has this day spurned the voice divine,
Now let the work of grace begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor,
With blessings from Thy boundless store !
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

34.

God's Eternity and Man's Frailty.

- 1 Through every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man ;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

33.

Sol tuus non rursus occidet.

- 1 Salvator mi, Sol animae,
Non fiat nox, adstante te ;
Ne sine nubem vitii,
Te obscurantem, oriri.
- 2 Quum facile reponerem,
In somno quaerens quietem,
Sit mea meditatio ;
“In te quam dulce repono.”
- 3 In dies mecum remane,
Nam O non vivam sine te ;
Dum fiat nox, O adesto,
Ut forte mori audebo.
- 4 Si quivis tuus hodie,
Divinam vocem spernere ;
Nunc fiat tua gratia,
Relinquat sua scelera.
- 5 Servato omnes morbidos ;
Suppleto omnes egenos ;
Maerentes omnes dormiant,
Infantes ut requiescant.
- 6 Expergiscenti, adesto,
In mundum ante transeo ;
Tum oceano Amoris,
Me abdam cum sanctissimis.

34.

Dei aeternitas et Hominis fragilitas.

- 1 Per omnia, Deus, secula,
Es nobis propugnacula ;
Est tuum thronum conditum.
Aeternum ante seculum.
- 2 Priusquam quidvis fuerat,
Nec pulvis homo fiebat,
Regnasti, et tu regnabis,
Futuris totis seculis.

- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity ;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just—
“ Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”
- 4 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away : our life’s a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.
- 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
Prepared to die, and dwell with thee.

35.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

- 1 Deathless spirit, now arise ;
Soar, thou native of the skies—
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought.
- 2 Go to shine before the throne ;
Deck the Mediator’s crown ;
Go his triumphs to adorn ;
Made for God, to God return.
- 3 Lo ! he beckons from on high ;
Fearless to his presence fly ;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
- 4 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend,
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.
- 5 Burst thy shackles ; drop thy clay ;
Sweetly breathe thyself away ;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

3 At homines mortales stant,
Ex vanitate fiebant;
Decretum est justissimum,
"In solum redi sordidum."

4 Mors similis diluvio,
Nos perdit ut in somnio;
Quam brevis vita nostra fit!
Ut flos, ut vanitasque sit.

5 Nos, Deus, doce homines,
Quam vani simus, fragiles,
Ut vivamus in gratiâ,
Hic Tecum et in gloriâ.

35.

Christianus moriens ad animam.

1 Immortalis spiritus,
Surge, vola coelicus;
Jesu Christo venditus,
Gloriose habitus.

2 I splendesce nitide,
Vittam Jesu excole;
Triumphanti Domino,
Deo factus, transito.

3 Coelis, Ille vocat te,
Fortem nunc accedere;
Sanguis omne meritum,
Rectitudo, gaudium.

4 Stabant prope angeli,
Attendentes cupidi;
Expectantes signum, quum
Te portabunt domum tam.

5 Frange tuum vinculum,
Tuum corpus sordidum;
Spira tuum spiritum,
Vola domum habitum.

6 Shudder not to pass the stream :
 Venture all thy care on Him—
 Him, whose dying love and power
 Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

7 Safe is the expanded wave,
 Gentle as a summer's eve ;
 Not one object of his care
 Ever suffered shipwreck there.

8 See the haven full in view ;
 Love divine shall bear thee through :
 Trust to that propitious gale ;
 Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

9 Saints in glory, perfect made,
 Wait thy passage through the shade ;
 Swiftly to their wish be given ;
 Kindle higher joy in heaven.

36.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 Come, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise ;
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, descend ;
 From all our foes defend,
 Nor let us fall ;
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on thee be stayed ;
 Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword ;
 Our prayer attend ;
 Come, and thy people bless ;

6 Ne timete fluvium,
Sequere tuum Dominum ;
Omnipotens potentia,
Regit mortis flumina.

7 Salvus sis in fluctibus,
Ut aestatis noctibus ;
Nunquam fuit perditus,
Quem curavit Dominus.

8 Ecce ; portum ! prope stet,
Amor Dei perducet ;
Ventus nunc propitius flat,
Jesus tibi signum dat.

9 Sancti gloriosi stant,
Te in coelis expectant ;
Sarge ! i' ocissime,
Coelis gaudium facere.

36.

Laus ad Trinitatem.

1 O Rex Omnipotens,
Venito adhibens,
Laudandi vim :
Deus Omniparens,
Pater omnitenens,
Venito, dirigens
Nos interim.

2 O Jesu, Domine,
Ab malis protege ;
Teneto nos :
Omnipotentia
Sit nobis tutela,
Coelestis galea,
Ad timidos.

3 O Jesu, agidum !
O cinge gladium,
Attendito :
Beato populos !

Come, give thy word success ;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

4 Come holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour ;
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Sprit of power.

5 To thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore ;
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

37.

Farewell to a Friend departed.

1 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
 The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee, [gloom.
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the

2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave ; and its mansion forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long ;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking, [song.
 And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's

Fac tuos prosperos ;
 Et Spiritus super nos
 Descendito.

4 O Veni Consolator,
 Nobis es Testator,
 In horis his :
 Qui es omnipotens,
 Nos omnes dirigens,
 Et nunquam deserens,
 Cum nobis sis.

5 O Unus atque Tres,
 Laudandus semper es,
 Ab omnibus :
 O Deus Domine,
 Fac videamus te ;
 Et potentissime,
 Te canimus.

37.

Ad amicum mortuum.

1 Ad sepulchrum ivisti, sed non maereamus,
 Licet moestus et tenebrae tumulo sint :
 Has portas Salvator intravit noscamus,
 Et lampades amoris hic luxerint.

2 Ad sepulchrum ivisti, non te videamus,
 Nec tecum incedimus consocii,
 At te nunc in brachiis Jesu teneamus :
 Nam, mortuo Jesu, sperent improbi.

3 Ad sepulchrum ivisti, et domum relinquens,
 Fors tuus spiritus cunctanter stabat :
 Sed lumen coeleste vidisti expergens,
 Et cantus coelestium te salutat.

4 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee ; [Guide :
 Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee ;
 And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

38.

Death of Christian Friends.

- 1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
 As fast as time can move ?
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our Love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb ?
 'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
 And softened every bed ;
 Where should the dying members rest
 But with their dying Head ?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way ;
 Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
 At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise :
 Awake, ye nations under ground ;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

4 Ad sepulchrum ivisti, sed non maereamus,
 Est Deus Redemptor, Curator et Dux :
 Te dedit, te cepit, te rursus habeamus,
 Nam mortis aculeum confregit Crux.

38.

De morte amicorum piorum.

1 Cur plangeremus amicis,
 Trementes mortis bellicis ?
 Sit vox divina vocans nos,
 " Venite meis ulnis vos."

2 Ascendimus nos altius,
 Et ire tardius nollimus ;
 At citius potius currere,
 Ad domum nostrum maxime,

3 Cur tremiscemus portantes
 Ad tumulum exanimis ?
 Hic corpus Jesu positum,
 Adornat omnem tumulum.

4 Beavit lectos omnium,
 Sanctorum tum potissimum ;
 Nam annon debent jacere,
 Haec membra hic cum capite ?

5 Sed resurrexit inde Is,
 In coelis sublimissimis ;
 Is sessit, noster fiat Dux,
 Salvator, Imperator, Lux.

6 Clangatur tuba ultima,
 Sepulchra frangens omnia ;
 Excitet omnes mortales,
 Et vocet nostros sodales.

39.

Sufficiency of the atonement.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
O, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

40.

The Hope of Heaven.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

39.

Plenitudo Satisfactionis.

- 1 Est flumen plenum sanguinis,
Quem Jesu venae dant ;
Et improbi abluti hoc,
Purgati, sancti stant.
- 2 Fur moriens videns gavisus,
Hoc flumen antehac ;
Ut similisque purus sim,
O Jesu, Deus, fac.
- 3 O Agnus moriens, sanguis hic,
Exhaustus nunquam sit,
Redemptis donec omnibus,
Haec salus fuerit.
- 4 Post ego fide videbam,
Hoc flumen sanguinis ;
Hic amor thema meum est,
Pro totis seculis.
- 5 Et quum haec lingua debilis,
In morte silebit,
Tum cantus nobilissimus,
Me factus fuerit.

40.

She Coelestis.

- 1 Dum plane mea legitur,
Coelestis arrhabo,
Tum omnis metus jacitur,
Et fletus supprimo.
- 2 Si totus mundus obstaret,
Flammosis jaculis,
Tum spernerem diabolum,
Cum mundi odiis.
- 3 Curarum fluctus venirent,
Dolorum nimbi flent,
Non curem, coelis veniam,
Qui omnia supplerent.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

41.

Substitution.

1 O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy Head
 Our load was laid on Thee ;
 Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
 Didst bear all ill for me.
 A Victim led, Thy blood was shed ;
 Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup
 O Christ, 'twas full for Thee ;
 But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,
 Tis empty now for me.
 That bitter cup— love drank it up ;
 Now blessing's draught for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—
 O Christ, it fell on Thee !
 Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God ;
 There's not one stroke for me,
 Thy tears, Thy Blood, beneath it flowed ;
 Thy bruising healeth me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard,
 O Christ, it broke on Thee !
 Thy open bosom was my ward,
 It braved the storm for me.
 Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred,
 Now cloudless peace for me.

5 Jehovah bade his sword awake—
 O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee !
 Thy blood the flaming blade must slake ;
 Thy heart its sheath must be ;
 All for my sake my peace to make,
 Now sleeps that sword for me.

4 **Lavabo tum hanc animam,**
In sanctis amnibus,
In sanctis omnibus,
Cognoscat spiritus.

41.*Substitutio.*

- 1 **O Jesu, magna, onera,**
Obruerunt tum te ;
Becipiens nostra vitia,
Occisus es pro me ;
Ut victima carissima,
Ut liberares me.
- 2 **Vae ! mortis maledictio,**
Implevit poculum ;
Tu potavisti oppido,
Potum mortiferum ;
Pro me nunc mortis vacuum,
Pace plenissimum.
- 3 **Jehova levans flagellum ;**
O Jesu, ferit te ;
Tu multum flagellatus tum,
Nunc nihil tangit me ;
Per tuum fletum, mortem, metum,
Tu sanavisti me.
- 4 **Horribilis tempestas flans,**
Dirupit super te ;
Refugium tuum pectus stans,
Tum factum est pro me ;
Vulneribus plenissimus,
Tu rodimisti me.
- 5 **Expergefactus ensis sit ;**
O Jesu, ferit te ;
Cruorem tuum fuderit,
Punivit te pro me ;
Omnia pro me, summopere,
Et dormit nunc pro me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died.
 And I have died in Thee ;
 Thou'rt risen ; my bands are all untied,
 And now Thou liv'st in me ;
 When purified, made white, and tried,
 Thy Glory then for me !

42.

National Hymn.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring

2 My native country, thee—
 Land of the noble, free—
 Thy name—I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze.
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song :
 Let mortal tongues awake ;
 Let all that breathe partake ;
 Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

6 Pro me, O Jesu, mortuus es,
 Et mortuus sum in te;
 Resurgebas, saluteum des,
 Et vivis nunc in me;
 Quum purus sim, Te dante vim,
 Tum gloria sit pro me.

42.

Canticus Patrius.

1 Heus! mea patria;
 Dulcis et libera,
 Te canerem:
 Quā patres mortui,
 Laudandi profugi;
 Montes circumsoni,
 Dent paeanem.

2 O mea patria,
 Omnino libera.
 Nomen amo:
 Saxa et flumina,
 Sylvae Cacumina,
 Dant mihi gaudia,
 Perpetuo.

3 Sint venti laudantes,
 Arbores psallantes,
 Per omnia:
 Erumpite mortales;
 Spirantes vitales;
 Rupes et vocales,
 In carmina.

4 Te patrum Dominum,
 Te benignissimum —
 Cantemus Te:
 Fac nostra Patria
 Sit semper nitida,
 Salvata, libera.—
 Rex, Domine.

43.

Christ's Compassion.

- 1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 3 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

44.

Christ our Confidence.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary :
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart ;
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide ;
Did darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

43.

Christi Misericordia.

- 1 Quam se demissit facilis
Aeternus Filius !
Nos videns in miseriis,
Advenit properus.
- 2 Divina est clementia,
Jesu Salvatoris ;
Remisit nostra debita,
Per pretium cruoris.
- 3 Liguerent hic cordia,
Jesu recordati,
Et dum sint magna gaudia,
Sint nobis maeorori.

44.

Christus confidentia nostra.

- 1 Per fidem viso Te,
Agnus Calvariae,
Salvator mi ;
Dum praecor audi me,
Peccata ablue,
Me tuum hodie,
Fac fieri.
- 2 Per ditem gratiam, da
Huic cordi robora,
Amoris vim ;
Quod mortuus es pro me,
Tibi cum amore,
Fac nunc ut facile,
Fidelis sim.
- 3 Dum hic ineederem
Per hanc perniciem,
Me dirige ;
Pelleto tenebras
Absterge lacrimas,
In vias integras,
Conduce me.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream,
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distress remove ;
 O, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul.

45.

Invitation to the Mercy-seat.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish :
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
 Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

46.

"Nearer my God to Thee."

1 Jesus, my Lord, my God,
 Redeemer blest ;
 Who saved me by Thy blood,
 And gave me rest.
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 That I may nearer be,
 Lord Jesus, nearer Thee,
 Still nearer Thee.

2 Through this rough wilderness,
 My pathway leads ;
 Oh, help me in distress,
 Supply my needs.

4 Quum vita finiret,
 Et mors adveniet,
 Cum turbone;
 Salvator care, tum,
 Fac me impavidum,
 Fer beatissimum,
 Redemptum me.

45.

Ad thronum gratiae Invitatio.

- 1 Venite languidi, ubicunque flentes,
 Ad thronum gratiae procumbite:
 Huc ferte querelas, omnes moerentes,
 Quit omnem luctum Deus pellere
- 2 Desolati Gaudium, Luxque errantis,
 Pura perennis poenitentis Spes;
 Hic Consolator loquitur permitis:
 Deus quit curare omnes maerores.
- 3 Hic panem vitae, aquas fluentes
 E throno Dei, vos videte:
 Adeste dapi vos cognoscentes,
 Omnes moerores Deum pellere.

46.

Mi Deus, prope Te

- 1 Jesu, Salvator mi,
 O Domine,
 Tu qui me emisti,
 Cum sanguine;
 Attolam cor ad te,
 Ut tu tractares me,
 Tibi adhere,
 Propius a te.
- 2 Dum per has salebras,
 Eundum sit;
 Tu mihi ministras,
 Quod sufficit;

I trust alone in Thee,
 That I may near Thee be,
 Saviour, still nearer Thee,
 Still nearer Thee.

3 When deadly foes assail,
 And comforts die ;
 And foes and fears prevail,
 To Thee I fly.
 Want and infirmity,
 But drive me nearer Thee,
 Blest Saviour, nearer Thee,
 Still nearer Thee.

4 Son of the Living God,
 Thou Saviour dear !
 While guided by Thy rod
 I will not fear :
 Though troubles, like the sea,
 O'erwhelm me. I will flee,
 To Thee, O Lord, to Thee,
 I'll flee to Thee.

5 And when Thou shalt descend,
 Thy Bride to meet ;
 As Bridegroom, Saviour, Friend,
 Names, O how sweet !
 With rapture I shall see,
 How near Thou art to me,
 And I so dear to Thee,
 So *near* to Thee.

6 Or shouldst Thou still delay,
 Thyself to come ;
 But summon me away,
 To my bright home :
 Sweet shall that summons be,
 That brings me nearer Thee,
 My Saviour, nearer Thee,
 Still nearer Thee.

Nunc tibi dedo me,
 Me prope trahere,
 Salvator, prope te
 Propius a te.

3 Dum hostes militant,
 Et inops sim ;
 Timores terreant,
 Et perdem vim,
 In te refugio,
 Et tibi haereo,
 Et solo fideo,
 Propius a te.

4 O Jesu, Domine,
 Salvator mi ;
 Directus hūc per te,
 Hic adveni ;
 Dum fluctus turbidus,
 Invadit subitus,
 Es semper propius,
 Cum prompta vi.

5 Quum ferre venias
 Sponsam tuam,
 Sanctos quos adamas,
 Ecclasiam ;
 Laetus tum videbo,
 Quam carus tibi sto,
 Quam prope fuero,
 Per gratiam.

6 Verum si cunctere,
 Ut venias ;
 Et tu arcesses me,
 Ad sedes has ;
 Gaudeam magnopere,
 Audire clare te,
 Vocantem domum me,
 Propius a te.

7 And as I upward fly,
 By angels borne ;
 Still this shall be my cry,
 Thrice happy morn.
 The hour that sets me free,
 And brings me nearer Thee,
 Blest Saviour, nearer Thee,

8 Then to eternity,
 Thy name I'll bless ;
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 My Righteousness.
 Loud as the sounding sea,
 Shall swell that song to Thee,
 " Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee.

S. T. R.

47.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

*"For they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them,
 and that Rock was Christ." —1 Cor. x. 4.*

1 Thou Rock of Ages, still the same
 As when the lowly Jesus came,
 To Jordan's stream to be baptized,
 And by the world to be despised.
 On thee I rest, who not in vain,
 Bore all my sin and shame and pain ;
 That Rock, from whence those waters flow,
 Which heal my wounds and cleanse me too.

2 Fixed on this everlasting Rock,
 My soul defies earth's rudest shock ;
 Though men and demons all combine,
 I am secure since Christ is mine.
 While on my pilgrimage below
 The streams that from that Rock do flow,
 Renew my strength from day to day,
 And cheer me on my heavenward way.

7 Dum sursum volarem,
 Cum angelis ;
 Tum clare cantitem,
 Cum jubilis ;
 " Hæc horæ liber sum,
 Et prope Dominum,
 Felix potissimum,
 Incolumis,"

8 Tum in aeternum te
 Laudaverim ;
 Agno Calvariae,
 Applaudeus sim,
 Tum vox clarissime,
 Ut maria ad te,
 Cantabit ubique,
 "O Deus Domine,
 Propius a te ; Propius a te."

47.

RUPES SECULORUM.

*"Bibebant enim omnes ex eos sequente Rupe Spirituali :
 Rupes autem illa erat Christus."*

1 Est Christus Rupes Seculorum ;
 Praesidium omnium suorum :
 Nunc idem ut quum baptizatus,
 E mundo fuit despicatus.
 In Illo mea est requies ;
 Peccata, ægritudines
 Portavit,—aquæ profluunt
 Hac Rupe ; sanant, eluunt.

2 Sum in hæc Rupe confirmatus ;
 E mundo nunquam agitatus ;
 Contemno hostes, dæmonesque,
 Nam Tu, O Jesus, mecum esque,
 Sum peregrinus, vagabundus ;
 His aquis verum fio mundus :
 Hæec Rupes præstat roboremque,
 Solatium que, requiemque.

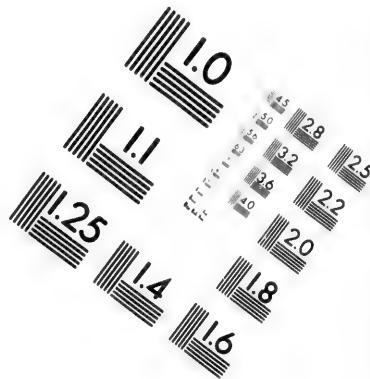
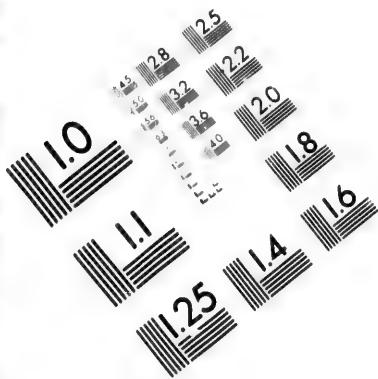
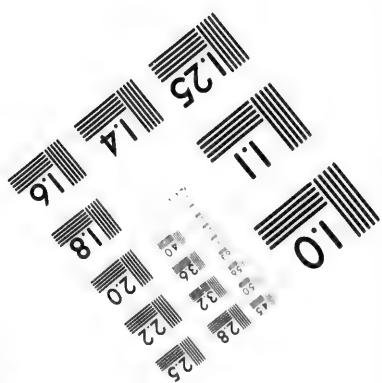
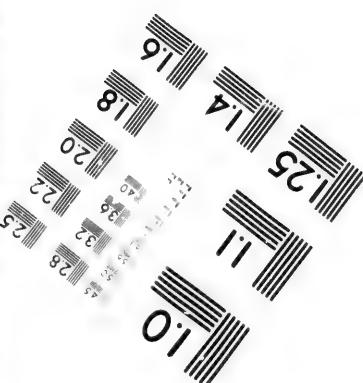
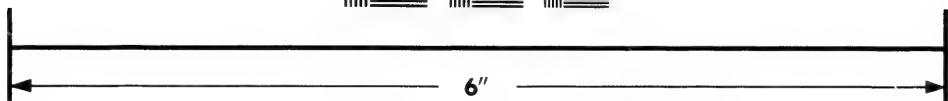
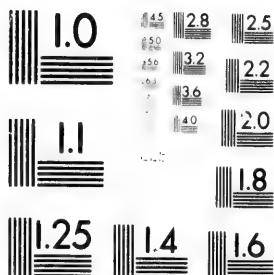
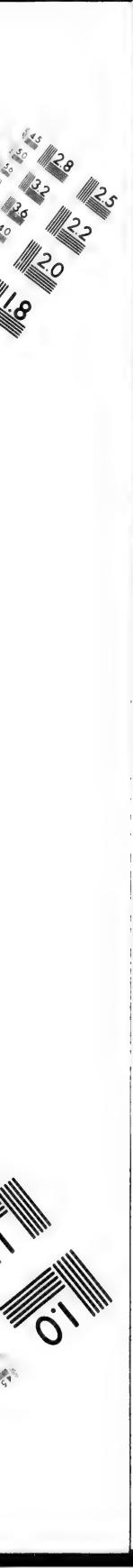


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3 Both oil and honey he provides,
 And safely through the desert guides ;
 His perfect work secures for me
 Complete salvation, full and free.
 Dear Rock, and refuge of my soul,
 To thce when angry billows roll,
 I flee, and find a sure retreat,
 Before the blood-bought mercy seat.

4 And when the last great day shall come,
 That seals to each his final doom,
 Let me beneath thy shadow hide,
 And there eternally abide.
 There I'll adore, and shout, and sing,
 Glory to Christ, my Rock, my King ;
 While millions join the sweet refrain,
 Glory to God, Amen ! Amen !

REV. ROBERT MORTON, *Aylesford, N. S.*

48.

1 The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwear'y'd sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display ;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth : -

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 Oleum, O Rupes, melque, desque,
 Et per desertum dirgiesque,
 Perfecta tua opera bona,
 Sunt salas plena, libera bona.
 O Rupes! O Salvator mi!
 Ad te quum fluctus efferi,
 Me circum fremunt, fugio,
 Securus hoc Præsidio.

5 Et ultima quum dies illa,
 Hoc "solvet seclum in favilla,"
 In umbram tuam abdem me,
 Æterno habitans in Te.
 Te adorabo, applaudabo,
 Te Christum Rupem tum laudabo;
 Dum centum millia angelorum,
 Et centum millia salvatorum,
 Jungentes se in illum chorum,
 Laudabunt Rupem Seculorum,
 Regemque regum et deorum,
 In seculaquo seculorum!
 Alleluia! Amen!

48.

1 Caeruleum amplissimum
 Hoc coelum, et altissimum,
 Micantibus cum stellis, stat,
 Ut Creatorem praebeat.

2 Assiduus sol perpetuo
 Testator est de Domino,
 Ad terras omnes dictitat,
 Et Cœi opera praedicat.

3 Quum vesperascit terris, mox
 Auditur clara lunae vox,
 Clamantis noctu omnibus,
 De quo est mundus genitus.

4 Flammantes stellae candidae,
 Planetae atque mutuae
 Confirmant, dum volvuntur, res
 Ad orbis muudi cardines.

5 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestial ball ?
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?

6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

49.

My name is Jacob. Gen. Chap. xxxii : 27.

1 Nay, I cannot let thee go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow ;
 Do not turn away thy face,
 Mine's an urgent pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?
 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name ;
 Yet the question gives a plea,
 To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou dist once a wretch behold,
 In rebellion blindly bold,
 Scorn thy grace, thy power defy ;
 That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair,
 Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
 Mercy heard and set him free ;
 Lord that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have pass'd since then,
 Many changes I have seen,
 Yet have been upheld till now ;
 Who could hold me up but thou ?

6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need ;
 This emboldens me to plead :
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst thou let me sink at last ?

5 Nec sonus, nec locutio,
Sit suo in circuто;
Sed orbes hi luciferi
Circumvolvuntur insoni.

6 Splendentes at significant,
Sic laeti semper insonant
Ad aures prudentissimos:
"Divina manus fecit nos."

49.

Nomen nihil Jacobus est.

1 Non nequeo te dimittere,
Non donec tu beares me;
Ne verte tuam faciem,
Nam dolor urget meam rem.

2 Quis ego sim, quae siveris?
Ah; Domine, meum nomen scis;
Haec questio autem juvat me
Nunc meam causum urgere.

3 Vidisti olim miserum,
Coecumque rebellissimum,
Spernantem tuam gratiam;
Ah! Domine, iste fueram.

4 Abjectus quondam improbus,
Te imploravi pavidus:
Clementia venit tum ad me,
Et me salvasti, Domine.

5 Nunc multi anni lapsi sunt,
Qui multos casus fecerunt;
At ego tamen salvus sto,
In tuo beneficio,

4 Egenti semper sublevas;
Incitat me haec bonitas,
Post tantos tuos favores,
Ut peream me sineres?

7 No—I must maintain my hold,
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
 I can no denial take,
 When I plead for Jesus' sake.

50.

Jehovah the Shepherd of his people.

1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guide me with a watchful eye,
 My noonday walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadfu! shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

51.

I could not do without Thee.

1 I could not do without Thee,
 O Saviour of the lost !
 Whose precious blood redeemed me
 At such tremendous cost.

7 Non sane ; firme teneo;
 Per tuam gratiam audeo ;
 Non possis me rejice^r ;
 Summis exorantem te,
 In Jesu sacro nomine.

50.

Pastor popolorum suorum, Jehovah est.

1 Tu, Domine, meas pascuas,
 Ut Pastor meus, praeparas,
 Suppeditans quae careo,
 Me tutans tuo oculo ;
 Diebus ambulas cum me,
 Et tutor noctibus per Te.

2 In glebis si sim languidus,
 Anhelus vel in montibus,
 Ad terras laetas, floridas,
 Me fessum, vagum dirrigas,
 Quo amnes lenti, placidi,
 Diffluerunt floripari.

3 Quum vias mortis transeo,
 Horrore in terifico,
 Intrepidus praeteream,
 Te quia praesto videam,
 Juvabis et deduces me
 Terroris in caligine.

4 In locis nudis, asperis,
 Dum solus vigor deviis,
 Dolores meos falleres.
 Ridentes solitudines,
 Cum floris coronatae stant,
 Et circum fontes murmurant.

51.

Non possim agere sine Te.

1 Quid faciam, Jesu, sine te ?
 Salvator perditⁱ ;
 Nam sanguis tuus salvat me,
 Per tantum pretii.

Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
 Thy precious blood must be
 My only hope and comfort,
 My glory and my plea.

- 2 I could not do without Thee,
 I cannot stand alone ;
 I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own.
 But Thou, beloved Saviour
 Art all in all to me,
 And weakness will be power,
 If leaning hard on Thee.
- 3 I could not do without Thee !
 For oh ! the way is long,
 And I am often weary,
 And sigh replaces song.
 How *could* I do without Thee ?
 I do not know the way ;
 Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
 And wilt not let me stray.
- 4 I could not do without Thee !
 O Jesus, Saviour dear !
 E'en when my eyes are holden,
 I know that Thou art near.
 How dreary and how lonely
 This changeful life would be
 Without the sweet communion,
 The secret rest with Thee.
- 5 I could not do without Thee !
 No other friend can read
 The spirit's strange deep longings,
 Interpreting its need.
 No human heart could enter
 Each dim recess of mine,
 And soothe and hush and calm it,
 O blessed Lord, but Thine !

Justitia tua, venia,
 Cruore tuo sint,
 Spes, sola consolatio,
 Et gloria venirint.

2 Quid faciam, Jesu, sine te ?
 Relictus caderem ;
 Non vis, non bonitas in me,
 Non habeo roborem.
 Salvator O carissime,
 Pro me es omnia ;
 Incumbe debilis in Te,
 Infirmo robora.

3 Non vivam, Jesu, sine te,
 Nam longa via sit,
 Et sim in lassitudine,
 Et dolor incidit.
 Quae possim, Jesu, sine te ?
 Quum viam ignoscam ;
 Cognoscis tu, conducis me,
 Ut viam teneam.

4 Non quovis possim sine te,
 Jesu, carissime,
 Et licet, clausi oculi,
 Cognoscam prope te.
 Quam maesta, solitaria,
 Haec vita fuerit ;
 Sine communione, quae
 In te tam plane sit ?

5 Quomodo vivam sine te ?
 Non alius nosceret,
 Quae spiritus vult habere,
 Vel quum cor languescat.
 Non est humani spiritus,
 Scrutare meum cor,
 Nec Consolator alius,
 Salutis, O Auctor.

6 I could not do without Thee !
 For years are fleeting fast,
 And soon, in solemn loneliness,
 The river must be passed.
 But Thou wilt never leave me,
 And though the waves roll high,
 I know thou wilt be near me,
 And whisper, "It is I."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

52.

"In the day-time he also led them with a cloud, and all the night through with the light of fire."

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on ;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Should'st lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on.
 I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on ;
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone.
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

53.

Translated by Rev. Dr. W. A. McKenzie.

1 From every tongue let songs ascend
 To Christ, our truest dearest Friend :
 Who purged us by his precious blood,
 And made us sons and heirs of God.

6 Non vivam, Jesu, sine te,
 Nam tempus fugiat,
 Et solum me in flumine,
 Mox fluctus obruat.
 At tu me non relinqueres
 In mertis fluctibus ;
 Sed mecum tu tum incedes,
 Salvator, Dominus.

52.

“Et per nubem interdiu, totasque noctes pur lumen ignis duxerat.”

- 1 Per tenebras, O care Lux, me due,
 Dirige me ;
 Procul ab domo sum, O tu illuc
 Me conduce.
 Tu pedes tene, nollem videre,
 Quae procul sint ; gradatim duce me.
- 2 Olim non fui sic ; non vellem tum
 Ut duceres ;
 Vellem eligere propositum ;
 Nunc Ductor es ;
 Amavi lucem tum, et, improbus,
 Spernavi te ; nunc esto Dominus.
- 3 Huc me conducebas, ad terminam
 Me diriges ;
 Per paludes, per saxa, fluvium,
 In splendores.
 Et mane angelos quos diligo,
 Videbo ; licet nunc non video.

53.

Original.

- 1 Sit oranimodo laudatus
 Jesus, fisus et amatus :
 Cujus anguine purgati,
 Facti sumus perbeati.

2 He loved us ; and to save he came ;
 To rescue us from guilt and shame ;
 To cleanse our souls from stains of sin,
 And by his Spirit rule within.

3 The King of kings who reigns for aye,—
 The Lord of lords whom all obey,—
 Who framed creation by his word,—
 Is our Redeemer and our Lord.

4 He makes us Kings, with him to reign ;
 And priests, to form his shining train ;
 That we through all eternity
 A royal race with him may be.

5 Exalted and exulting, we,
 With loudest praise, O Christ, to thee,
 Will make the courts of heaven resound,
 While endless ages roll around !

54.

Let the whole earth praise the Lord.

1 Hark ! ye mortals, come, adore Him !
 Come, all nations, sing before Him !
 Haste to seek Him ! Draw ye near Him !
 Gladly trust Him ! Humbly fear Him !

2 Lo ! the Lamb of God is pleading !
 Trust alone His interceding !
 He Himself is our oblation !
 He for us won exaltation !

3 Haste to Him ! He is protection !
 Praise His name ! Christ is perfection !
 Trust in Him ! Rehearse the story !
 Spread the splendor of His glory !

4 Celebrate His blest oblation !
 Sound His name with acclamation !
 Crown Him Jesus ! King supernal !
 Magnify your King eternal !

- 2 Is Salvator nos amavit,
E peccatis nos purgavit;
Suo sanguine ablutos,
Suo Spiritu imbutos.
- 3 Regum Rex et seculorum,
Dominusque dominorum,
Nostrum Jesus est Creator,
Et Redemptor et Salvator.
- 4 Reges fecit praeponentes,
Sacerdotes nos nitentes;
In aeternum ut regnemus,
Et in Eum triumphemus.
- 5 Gloriosi pergaudentes,
Summis laudibus fungentes,
Faciemus resonantes
Coelos, illuc triumphantes.

54.

ORIGINAI

Personato Jehovah, Totus Orbis.

- 1 Heus ! mortales, adorate !
Omnes homines, laudate !
Properantes, O venite !
Creditote, et servite !
- 2 Ecce ! Agnus ille Dei !
Esto vobis uni spei !
Qui pro nobis est oblatus,
Et pro nobis exaltatus.
- 3 Ad salutem properate,
Nomen Christi celebrate ;
Confidentes pergaudete,
Ejus gloria nitete.
- 4 Suum sanguinem cantate,
Personantes acclamate,
Jesum Regem coronatum,
Regem vestrum adoratum.

6 Worship Christ! As God adore Him!
 Happy they who stand before Him!
 Joyous saints there shout the story!
 Jubilant in endless glory—
 Singing, Alleluia. Amen.

55.

Salvation.

1 Salvation! O, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears,
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

56.

1 Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 Fully absolved through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came,
 Who died for me, even me, to atone,
 Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
 Which at the mercy-seat of God,
 For ever doth for sinners plead,
 For me, even for my soul, was shed.

5 Illo Deo supplicate,
 Beatissimique state :
 Salvi, læti, jubilantes,
 Et æterno triumphantes :
 Alleluia! Amen.

55.

Salus.

- 1 Salvatio! clamatio
 Jucunda auribus ;
 Pro curis consolatio,
 Et pro maeroribus.
- 2 Obruti malis, vitiis,
 Ad orcum jecimus ;
 At surgimus clementiis,
 In diem penitus.
- 3 Salvatio! volent echoes hae,
 Ad terrae terminos ;
 Et omnes hae coelicolae,
 Protrahant cantus hos.

56.

- 1 O sanguis et Justitia
 Sunt mihi, Jesu, gloria ;
 In his vestitus gaudebo,
 Quum mundos ustos visero.
- 2 Staboque tum fortissimus,
 Stabo in te tum penitus ;
 Sim sanctus plene tum in te,
 Cum nullis vitiis in me.
- 3 Hunc Agnum sanctum facilem,
 Aeterni Patris Affinem ;
 Qui mortuus est ut salvus sim,
 Nunc Deum Dominum noverim.
- 4 O Jesu, credo sanguinem,
 Qui ante thronum facit spem,
 Implorare pro improbis,
 Pro meis plane vitiis.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
 Than sands upon the ocean shore,
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
 For all a full atonement made.

6 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies ;
 Even then, this shall be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

57.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 Angels roll the rock away ;
 Death ! yield up thy mighty prey ;
 See ! he rises from the tomb—
 Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour ; seraphs, raise
 Your triumphant shouts of praise !
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;
 Now to glory see him rise ;
 Hosts of angels on the road,
 Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
 Praise him with your golden lyres ;
 Praise him in your noblest songs ;
 Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

58.

*O how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them
 that fear Thee !*

1 When all thy mercies, O my God !
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

5 Si essent plures, Domine,
Arenis maris litore,
Hi improbi, impensus hi,
Pro omnibus sint validi.

6 Quum surgam mortis pulvere,
Coelestem domum capere ;
Tum sufficit in meâ re,
“Est mortuus, vivus Is pro me.”

57.

Christi Resurrectio.

1 Saxum magnum volvito !
Vinctum, mors, eximoto !
Pulcher linquit tumulum,
Ad seclorum seculum.

2 Est Salvator ; surgite
Omnes vos coelicolae ;
Omnes terrae termini,
Canite laetissimi.

3 Sancti O suspicite !
Jesus surgit hodie :
Multi angeli hic stant,
Laeti Illum salutant.

4 Laudatote, angeli,
Sancti vos sanctissimi :
Claris nunc carminibus,
Linguis mille millibus.

58.

*O quam multa sunt bona tua, quae tui metuentibus
recondidisti !*

1 Clementiam tuam. Deus mi,
Dum corde contempler.
Tum avidus spectaculi
Magnopere mirer.

- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart ?
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear.
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom these comforts flow'd
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran ;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man :
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with wordly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;

2 Quam possit verbis perlegi
 Quam gratus tibi sim !
 In corde meo felici
 Tu vides laudis vim.

3 Patrocinatus Tu es mi
 Per providentiam ;
 In utero dum jacui,
 Et per infantiam.

4 Puereles ad querelas,
 Attentus semper es,
 Et inter queremonias,
 Auxilia donares.

5 Nam bona tum innumera,
 Tu conavisti mi,
 Dum fuit mens imperita,
 Ignara Domini.

6 Dum degens inter juvenes,
 Incautus steterim,
 Tu brachium adhiberes,
 Ut semper salvus sim.

7 Per abdita pericula
 Tu conduxisti me ;
 Per vitia blandissima,
 His noxiioraque.

8 Dum aegrotatus, saepe tu
 Hoc corpus sanasti ;
 Ab vitioso habitu
 Me saepe salvasti.

9 Exuberare poculum
 Fecisti hoc pro me ;
 Et per amicum socium
 Auxisti maxime.

10 Pro omnibus his gratiis,
 In dies laudem te ;

Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy,

- 11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll proclaim ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise !

59.

Peace, it is I.

- 1 Fierce was the billow wild,
Dark was the night ;
Oars labor'd heavily,
Foam glimmered white,
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh,—
Then said the God of gods
“ Peace, it is I.”
- 2 Ridge of the mountain-wave
Lower thy crest ;
Wail of the tempest-wind
Be thou at rest,—
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
When saith the Light of lights
Peace, it is I.
- 3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come thou to me,
Soothe thou my voyaging,
Over life's sea :

Potissimumque nunc pro his
Quae gratum facere.

11 Te canam dum in vita stem,
Te Deum laudabo;
In coelis tum per omnem rem,
Te plaudens clamabo.

12 Et dum natura finiit,
Diesque tenebrae,
Cor gratum hoc te laudabit,
O Deus Domine.

13 Per seculorum secula,
Collaudens canero;
Aeternitas brevissima
Laudando Domino.

59.

Pax! Ego Sum!

1 Trux erat pelagus,
Obscura nox;
Lassitus nauticus,
Fluctus atrox;
Vectores trepidi,
“Periculum!”
Deus tum Dei;
“Pax! Ego sum.”

2 Fluctus altissime,
Pacato te;
Fremitus nimbose,
Sedato te;
Non valet discrimin
Letale dum
Luminis ait Lumen;
“Pax! Ego sum!”

3 O Jesu, Salvator.
Da astare;
Quiescat viator,
Per hoc mare;

And when the storm of death
 Roars sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of truth,
 Peace, it is I.

60.

Christ the hope of the Disconsolate.

- 1 When gathering storms around I view,
 And days are dark and friends are few,
 On Him I lean who not in vain
 Experienced every human pain ;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do ;
 Still He who felt temptation's power
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
 Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend
 Which covers all that was a friend,
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while,
 Thou Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And O, when I have safely passed
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed, for thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away,

Quum morte clangatur,
Horrificum!
Tum Jesu dicatur;
"Pax! Ego sum!"

60.

Spes maestorum Christus sit.

- 1 Quum circum sint tempestates
Me solum, et caligines:
Acclinem tum in illum, qui
Expertus omnis humani:
Is me cognoscit fovere,
Et numerantur lachrimae:
- 2 Occurrat si temptatio
Ut aberrem e Domino;
Quod non oportet faciens,
Et quod oportet, negligens:
Is qui tentatus fuit, tum
Me servet per periculum.
- 3 Et dum vexatus cogitem,
Et mens turbata perdit spem,
Qui olim desperatus sit.
Pro me vexatus fuerit,
Tum mentem tristem mitiget,
Et fletus, moeror finiet.
- 4 Ad tumulum quum inclinem,
Amicum quo sepelirem:
Amittens illum paululum,
Tam carum amicissimum:
Mi Jesu, nōscis lacrimas,
Qui super Lazarum flebas.
- 5 Et O quum salvus veniam
Ad meam diem ultimam,
Tum immutatus prope stes
Hoc cubile, name mortuus es.
Ad coelos tum me dirig as,
Abstergens omnes lacrimas.

61.

Christ's final Triumph.

- 1 Let us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature, sing;
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
“Jesus is King”
- 2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
“Victory is won.”
- 3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power;
Praise him, forevermore,
With joyful voice.
- 4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail;
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

62.

By A. C. Cone. 1870

- 1 O where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.
- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundation strong,

61.

Christi victoria ultima.

- 1 Gaudia excitemus,
Hilariter laudemus;
Omnis cantet!
Angeli ducentes,
Mortales canentes,
Dulciter clangentes,
“Jesus Regnet.”
- 2 Jesum conclamate,
Famam declarate,
Miracula!
Circum, subter, supra,
Omnis orbis, sona,
Coelum alte, tona,—
“Victoria!”
- 3 Vincet diabolum,
Infernū, vitium—
Gaude, lugens!
Mortuum adora!
Regnante implora?
Et nunquam sit mora,—
Laete canens.
- 4 O Salve dies illa!
Illustris et tranquilla,
Dum veniet:
Plorabunt hostiles,
Laudabunt fideles,
Regemque clamantes:
“Jesus Reget.”

62.

- 1 Ubinam regna, reges, sint,
Qui olim florebant?
At Deus, haec ecclesiae,
Annorum mille stant.
- 2 Praesidia ejus visimus,
Quam firmae sedes sint

We hear within the solemn voice—
Of her unending song.

- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world,
The holy church of God !
Tho' earthquake shocks are threatening,
And tempests are abroad,
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

63.

Praise the Lord, O my soul.

- 1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from thee ;
His loving kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate ;
His loving kindness, O how great !
- 3 Through numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along ;
His loving kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood ;
His loving kindness O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death !

Et vocem gravem audimus,
Quorum qui laudarint.

- 3 Non ut haec regna antiqua,
Ecclesia tua sit ;
Nam terra quamvis tremula,
Tempestas furens fit,
- 4 Firmissima, ut montes sint,
Immobilis haec stat ;
Mons quae hunc orbem regeret,
Quam Deus statuat.

63.

Laudato Dominum, o mea anima.

- 1 O anima, experge te !
Salutem Jesu canere ;
Qui juste laudem posceret ;
Clementia, quam larva stet ;
- 2 Me visit lapsu perditum,
Et me amavit sordidum ;
Ex ruinâ me salvavit ;
Clementia, quam magna sit.
- 3 Etiamsi hostes pollentes,
Inferni, mudi, prementes ;
Is salvum ducit me in his ;
Clementia, quam stabilis.
- 4 Quum dolor instar nimbi fit,
Tonansque perimmanis sit ;
Me prope Ille semper stat ;
Clementia, quam bonam dat.
- 5 Cor meum saepe sentio,
Erraticum e Domino ;
At ego si oblitus sim,
Clementia conservat vim.
- 6 Mox vallem mortis transeam,
Mortales vires amitam ;
O utinam quum expirem,
Clementiam tum canerem.

64.

God the Refuge and Portion of His People.

- 1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

65.

Blessedness of worshipping God in his Temple.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode ;
My panting heart cries out for God ;
My God, my King, why shoul'd I be
So far from all my joys and thee.
- 3 Blest are the saints who dwell on high,
Around thy throne above the sky ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

64.

Perfugium sanctorum suorum Deus est.

- 1 *Perfugium sanctis Deus est,
Dum nimbi horrent doloris ;
Prinsquam conquejemur nos,
En ! adest cum auxiliis.*
- 2 *Quum oceanus mugiat,
In pace sacrâ degimus ;
Dum nationum littora,
Tremescant per hos mugitus.*
- 3 *Est amnis fluens placide,
Qui supplet urbem Domini ;
Quâ vita, amor, gaudium,
Subveniunt nostrae domui.*
- 4 *Hic amnis, sacer tua vox,
Dum lenit metus, fides stat ;
Pax dulcis, tua promissa,
Defessis novum robur dat.*
- 5 *Sioni amor Regis est,
Periculo securitas ;
Aeternum fundamentum stat ;
Potentia et veritas.*

65.

Beatitudo Deum adorandi suo in templo.

- 1 *Quam grata et pulcherrima,
Sint, Deus, tua atria !
Quam acriter desidero
Confluere sacrario.*
- 2 *In tuâ domo quiescam ;
Cor meum quaerit gratiam ;
Rex, Deus mi, O quamobrem,
Procul ab te et gaudio stem ?*
- 3 *Beati sint sanctissimi,
Coelestes tui famuli ;
Quo gloria sit magnifica,
Amor et laus sint omnia.*

- 4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set.
To find their way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength ; and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

66.

Excellency of Christ.

- 1 O, could we speak the matchless worth,
O, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.
- 2 We'd sing the precious blood he spilt—
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine ;
We'd sing his gloriuous righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
We shall forever shine.
- 3 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When our dear Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face ;
Then with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

- 4 Beati hi qui habitant,
In templo tuo, at qui stant,
Te visere, cognoscere ;
Canantes te assidue.
- 5 Beati hi qui quaeritant
Ad Sionem ut veniant ;
Est robur suum Dominus,
In via, semper validus.
- 6 Alacriter hi ambulent,
In coelis cito congregent ;
Et omnes illic plaudabunt,
Cantores quo coelestes sunt.

66.

Christi Excellentia.

- 1 Si dixerim praestantium,
Cecinerim hanc gloriam,
O Domine, in Te ;
Coelestes chordas tangerem,
Cum angelisque concertem,
Divino carmine.
- 2 Cantarem ejus sanguinem,
Quō Ille emit salutem
Ex iracundiā ;
Plenissimam justitiam,
Hanc nostram vestem fulgidam,
In ejus gloria.
- 3 Cantarem suas indoles,
Coelestes suos amores,
Qui regnat ubique ;
Altissimisque laudibus,
Diebus vellem omnibus,
Triumphos canere.
- 4 O dulcis dies veniet,
Quum Dominus me arcesset.
Videre faciem ;
Tum Soter, Frater, Amicus,
In coelis una degemus,
Per omnem aetatem.

67.

"Learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon My breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all Thy days be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

68.

The Christian Soldier encouraged.

- 1 Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear ;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end :
Forward, then, with courage go ;
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

67.

A me discite, et invenietis animis vestris quietem.

- 1 Hanc vocem Jesu audio,
“Quiesce, adveni,
O fatigate, poneto
Te meo pectori.”
Ad Jesum ergo venio,
Nam fessus, miser sim :
Est mihi Ille otio ;
Ut felix fuerim.
- 2 Hanc vocem Jesu audivi,
“En valde ego do
Viventem aquam ! adveni !
Bibe, et viveto.”
Ad Jesum veni, bibebam
De vivo flumine ;
Implevi sitim rabidam,
In Illo vivere.
- 3 Hanc vocem Jesu audivi :
“Lux hujus mundi sum,
Me videte ; collustrati,
Vos caeci, sitis tum.”
Tum vidi Jesum, cito mi
Is sol et stella fit :
Confidam cuius lumi,ni,
Dum vita fuerit.

68.

Miles christianus cohortatus.

- 1 Fratres, habitantes hic,
Impavidi pugnemus sic :
Obstat nostris hostibus,
Jesus, amicissimus.
Prorsum, ergo, ite vos !
Transeamus cito nos :
Verbum statim veniat :
“Fili, Pater vocitat.”

2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us unawares ;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part ;
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 " Child, your Father calls ; come home ! "

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within :
 Yet let nothing spoil our peace ;
 Christ will also conquer these ;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 " Child, your Father calls ; come home ! "

69.

A cradle Hymn.

1 Hush my dear, lie still and slumber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed,
 Heavenly blessings without number
 Gently falling on thy head.

3 Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
 House and home thy friends provide ;
 And without thy care or payment
 All thy wants are well supplied.

3 How much better thou'rt attended,
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from heaven he descended,
 And became a child like thee.

4 Soft and easy is thy cradle,
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay ;
 When his birth-place was a stable,
 And his softest bed was hay.

5 Was it nothing but a manger,
 Cursed sinners could afford,

2 Mille sint insidiae
 Inter vias ubique :
 Satan cum malitiâ
 Speculatur cardia :
 Omnibus his liberi,
 Sancti sint laetissimi :
 Vox audita fuit :
 " Domum Pater arcessit."

3 Hostes at plus iniqui,
 Obstant qui gravissimi,
 Illi sint in cordibus
 Nostrum ; magnum dedecus.
 Nihil autem turbet nos ;
 Jesus cito vineet hos :
 Laeta vox tum venerit :
 " Fiti Pater arcessit."

69.

Hymnus pro cunabili.

1 Tace, care, cuba, dormi,
 Angeli tutantur te ;
 Benedictiones coeli,
 Cadunt hic lentissime.

2 Dormi, infans, victum, vestes,
 Domum, parant proximi ;
 Sine tuâ curâ omnes,
 Praebent fidelissimi.

3 Quam plus bene es curatus,
 Quam sit Dei Filius ;
 Quum in terris fuit natus,
 Tibi hic simillimus ?

4 Lentae, molles, cunae tuae,
 Durum ejus cubile ;
 Stabulum cunabulaque,
 Cunae ejus, praeseppe.

5 Fuit nihil hoc excepto,
 Viri possent impi ;

To receive the heavenly stranger,
Did they thus affront the Lord ?

6 Soft, my child, I did not chide thee :
Though my song might sound too hard :
'Tis thy mother sits besides thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

7 Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their king,
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

8 Lo ! he slumbers in a manger,
Where the horned oxen fed ;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no oxen near thy bed.

9 See the lovely babe a-dressing :
Lovely infant how it smiled !
When he wept his mother's blessing,
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

10 Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That the blest Redeemer came.

11 May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days
Then go live forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise.

70.

Exhortation to Prayer.

I What various hind'rances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

Comparare Dei Filio,
Execrandi improbi ?

- 6 Care, pax ! non increpem te,
Quamvis carmen sonet sic,
Tua mater adsit tibi,
Illa te defendit hic.
- 7 Verum tamen dum spectarem,
Legens hanc historiam ;
Quam Judaei tractant Regem,
Cantans nunc succenseam.
- 8 Ecce ! dormit super feno,
Adstant quo cornigeri ;
Pax ! mi care, ne timeto,
Non sunt boves proximi.
- 9 En ! infantem vestit mater,
Quam surridet dulciter !
Vagientem osculatur,
Lenit, mulcet blanditer.
- 10 Fuit, infans, te salvare,
Flammis ex carentibus ;
Fletibusque te curare,
Venis tuus Dominus.
- 11 Utinam, tu noscas vivens ;
Semper illi confidas ;
Tum in coelis prope nitens,
Cantens, laudans, videas.

70.

Exhortatio ad orandum.

- 1 Impedimenta multa sunt,
Quae nos orantes obruunt ;
At qui precari diligent,
Impedimenta vinciant.

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ? Ah, think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
" Hear what the Lord has done for me ! "

71.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee !
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ;
No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

- 2 Precatio claros coelos dat,
In scalis "Visionis" stat ;
Amorem, fidem exercet,
Et bona omnia obtinet.
- 3 Cessante, vinçit hostis nos ;
Haec facit gladios nitidos ;
Et tremit Satan visere
Precantes nos humillime.
- 4 Dum Moses manus elevat,
Successus armis Deus dat ;
Quum, illo fesso, decidunt,
Tum hostes fortiores sunt.
- 5 Non habes verba ? specta te ;
In curis fluunt maxime,
Amici aures fatigant,
Dum querimonias audiant.
- 6 Si horum sint dimidia,
Conversa in supplicia,
Canares sepe placide,
"Quam bene Deus tractat me."

71.

Non enim erubesco Evangelium Christi.

- 1 De te, O Jesu, possit ne
Mortalis erubescere ?
De Te, quem laudant angeli !
Cui sunt honores incliti !
- 2 Pudeat me Jesu ? potius
Sic vesper de sideribus :
Coelestes radios super me
Effundit in caligine.
- 3 Pudeat me Jesu ? facile
Tum rubeat nox meridie :
Nox pressit animum quum Is
Collustrat me in tenebris.
- 4 Rubeam de amicissimo ?
In solo quo spem habeo ?

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then— nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And, O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

7 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise ;
Dare to defend His noble cause,
And yield obedience to His laws.

72.

The Endeavour.

1 Cheer up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly cast thyself beneath His feet,
For never needy sinner perish'd there.

2 Lord, I am come ! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh ;
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
A weary, burden'd soul, O Lord, am I !

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely pressed
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint, I come to thee for rest,

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side ;
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
And answer ev'ry charge with " Jesus died."

5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan, and die,
Well hast thou known what fierce temptations
mean ;
Such was thy love ; and now, enthron'd on high,
The same compassions in thy bosom reign.

Non, sane non ;—at moerear
Quod Eum non magis venerar.

5 Pudeat me Jesu ? imo quum
Non mihi erit vitium ;
Non dolor, metus, lacrima ;
Vel non salvanda anima.

6 Interim sit jactatio
Mi in mactato Domino :
Et glorie potissime
Non mei Jesum pudere.

7 Precepta sua diligam ;
Portare crucem gaudeam :
Res suas semper tuear,
Et jussis suis obsequar.

72.

1 Hilaris sim, nam fit clementia,
Placatus Deus fuit sanguine ;
Ejice te ad pedes, anima,
Non potest ibi egens perire.

2 Advenio, Domine, ad promissum,
Non sine quo venire audeam ;
At jubes ferre me incommodum,
O vide me, abjectam animam.

4 Curvatus, oneratus vitiis,
Temptationibus Satanis sum ;
Pugnato, pleno curis anxiis,
Frementi, lasso, fer auxilium.

4 Refugium esto mi, et latebra,
Non possum velli tuo lateri ;
Vincamque ego accusantia,
Commemorans hanc mortem Domini.

5 Flevisti Tu, dolore mortuus es ;
Novisti acria pericula ;
Sic amavisti nos, et exhibes,
Eundem Te, sedens in gloriâ.

6 Lord, give me faith :—he bears : what grace is this !
 Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve ;
 He shews me what he did, and who he is,
 I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

73.

*Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth
 that I desire beside thee.*

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
 Have lost all their sweetness with me.
- 2 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 3 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice .
- 4 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 5 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd,
 No changes of season or place,
 Would make any change in my mind.
- 6 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear ;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 7 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun, and my song ;

6 Da fidem, Domine—Quae gratia !
 Ne flete, anima, non doleo ;
 Doceor quem, et qualia opera ;
 Credendum est possum et gaudeo.

73.

Ecquem, excepto te, vel in coelis habeo, vel in terris adarem?

- 1 Quam horae insipidae sint,
 Qum Dominum non videam !
 Pulcherrima quae fuerint,
 Teterima tum habeam.
- 2 Aetatis Sol obscuret vim ;
 Dulcedines hortus non dat ;
 At felix in Eo quum sim,
 Tum hiems ut ver mihi stat.
- 3 Stuum nomen tam dulce oluit,
 Vox sua est blandissima ;
 Molestiam haec pepulit,
 Et plenus sum laetitiae.
- 4 Si semper ad me fuerit,
 Nec opus nec metum noscerem ;
 Mortalis tam felix non sit ;
 Perenniter det aetatem.
- 5 Contentus videns personam,
 Sit totum in eo gaudium ;
 Per vices, per moestitiam,
 Me tensam firmissimum.
- 6 Si predictus hoc amore,
 Regalia nugae tum sint ;
 Et catenae durissimae,
 Eegalia tum fuerint.
- 7 Si tuus sim, O Domine,
 Sol meus sis et canticum

Say why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?

8 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

74.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

1 Begone, unbelief ! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear :
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my Guide,
"Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;
Though cisterns he broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken will surely prevail.

3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me, at last, in trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quiet
through.

4 Determined to save he watched o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave I sported with wrath ;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame ?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress ?
Temptation or pain ? He told me no less ;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up that sinners might live ;
His way was much rougher and darker than mine,
Did Christ my Lord suffer and shall I repine ?

Dic cur doleam languide,
Per moestum nunc longissimum.

8 Haec tetra expelle nubila,
Faciemque fac me visere ;
In coelis vel da guadia,
Aeternā in claritate.

74.

Confidam et nou metuam.

1 Amove te hinc, Salvator hic stat,
O infidelitas, me conservat ;
Per preces conflictum, et perficiet,
In nave est Jesus, et Is dirriget.

2 Obscura est via, at Is dicit me ;
Parere est meum, suum est alere ;
Sint fractae cisternae, terrena non sint,
Sua dicta stant firma, prevaluerint.

3 Perpetuus amor prohibuit me,
Ut cogitem eum nunc me desere ;
Illustrationes, quas nunc memini,
Confirmant consilium auxiliari.

4 Intentus salvare me teguerit,
Quum coecum mancipium, Satan me tenuit
Et quia docuit me ut eo fiderem,
Et illuc me duxit, amitterem non spem.

5 Egestas vel poena, cur plorata sit ?
Tentatio vel moestus ? sic docuerit ;
Salutis haeresque admonuit Is,
Oportet eum sequi in gravissimis.

6 Hoe vas quam amarum quod Is bibebat,
Non potest concipi, sulutem quod dat ;
Multo magis Is passus est summopere ;
Passus est meus Dominus et conquerar ne ?

7 Since all that I meet then works for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food ;
 Though painful at present 'twill cease before long,
 And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror 's song !

75.

Jacob's Ladder.

- 1 If the Lord our leader be,
 We may follow without fear ;
 East or west, by land or sea,
 Home, with him, is ev'ry where.
 When from Essau Jacob fled,
 Though his pillow was a stone,
 And the ground his humble bed,
 Yet he was not left alone.
- 2 Kings are often waking kept,
 Rack'd with cares on beds of state ;
 Never king like Jacob slept,
 For he lay at heaven's gate ;
 Lo ! he saw a ladder rear'd,
 Reaching to the heavenly throne ;
 At the top the Lord appear'd,
 Spake and claim'd him for his own.
- 3 "Fear not, Jacob, thou art mine,
 And my presence with thee goes :
 On thy heart my love shall shine,
 And my arm subdue thy foes :
 From my promise comfort take,
 For my help in trouble call ;
 Never will I thee forsake,
 Till I have accomplish'd all."
- 4 Well does Jacob's ladder suit,
 To the gospel-throne of grace ;
 We are at the ladder's foot.
 Ev'ry hour, in ev'ry place,
 By assuming flesh and blood,
 Jesus heaven and earth unites.
 We by faith ascend to God,*
 God to dwell with us delights.

7 Quum omne quod venit aptissime fit,
 Amaritas est dulcis et nutriend sit:
 In praesens molestum, at brevissimum,
 Et tum O quam dulce fiet id canticum.

75.

Scalae Iacobi.

- 1 Ducente Deo, forte nos
 Sequemur eum ubivis;
 Per mare, per planissimos,
 In rebus adversissimis.
- 2 Fugatus Esau Jacob sit,
 Pulvinus, stratum lapidis
 Et terra nuda lectus fit;
 Dormivit sed cum sociis.
- 3 In somno scalae visae sunt,
 Et Deus supra eas stat;
 His angeli ascenderunt,
 Tum descendentes videbat.
- 4 Tum dixit Deus; "Meus es;
 Presentia mea tecum it;
 Non causam metus haberet,
 Nam Deus te defenserit."
- 5 Haec dicta consolatio,
 Quum cadas in moestitiam;
 Nam nunquam te relinquero,
 Dum omnia conficiam.
- 6 Similitudo sunt haec res,
 De gratia in precibus:
 Nam per vicissitudines,
 Ad "Scalas" semper venimus.
- 7 Quum Jesus factus homo fit,
 Conjuncta terra coelis sit;
 Per fidem nos ascendimus,
 Nobiscum adsit Dominus.

5 They who know the Saviour's name,
 Are for all events prepar'd ;
 What can changes do to them,
 Who have such a guide and guard ?
 Should they traverse earth around,
 To the ladder still they come ;
 Ev'ry spot is holy ground,
 God is there—and he's their home.

76.

Joseph and his brethren.

1 When Joseph his brethren beheld
 Afflicted, and trembling with fear,
 His heart with compassion was fill'd,
 From weeping he could not forbear.
 A while his behaviour was rough,
 To bring their past sin to their mind ;
 But when they where humbled enough,
 He hasted to shew himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
 Whom they had ill-treated and sold !
 How great their confusion must be,
 As soon as his name he had told !
 "I'm Joseph your brother," he said,
 "And still to my heart you are dear ;
 You sold me, and thought I was dead,
 But God, for your sakes, sent me here."

3 Though greatly distressed before,
 When charg'd with purloining the cup,
 They now were confounded much more,
 Not one of them durst to look up.
 "Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
 Forgive us the evil we did ?
 And will he our households maintain ?
 O, this is a brother indeed!"

8 Qui Jesu nomen eognoscunt,
Pro omnibus parati sunt ;
Quid possint vices contra hos,
Quos dicit Is tutissimos ?

9 Per orbem si proficimur,
Ad scalas ventum jugiter ;
Nam tota terra sacra sit,
Est Deus ibi—Domus fit.

76.

Josephus et ejus Fratres.

1 Josephi germani quum stant,
Afflicti et tremebundi,
Ejus viscera commovebant,
Moestissimos commisseri.

2 Tum primum austerus sit is,
Quum vitia commonuit ;
Sed illis nunc tristissimis,
Benignum se prebuerit.

3 Quam parve suspecti erant,
Is esset quem vendiderunt ;
Turbati, obruti tum stant,
Quum nomen Josephi audiunt.

4 “En ! frater germanus hic sum !
Vos estis mi carissimi ;
Habuistis me ut mortuum,
Vestrā causā sed hic adveni.”

5 Moestissimi si fuerant,
Quum furti arguti tum sunt ;
Quam plus moestiores fiebant ;
Percussi, obstupuerunt.

6 “Vellemus eum perdere nos ;
Et possit nos ignoscere ?
Et alet nos ! nos pessimos !
En ! frater est potissime.”

4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
 And laden with guilt, to the Lord,
 Surrounded with terror and shame,
 Unable to utter a word.
 At first he look'd stern and severe,
 What anguish then pierced my heart !
 Expecting each moment to hear
 The sentense "Thou cursed, depart !"

5 But, oh ! what surprise when he spoke,
 While tenderness beam'd in his face ;
 My heart then to pieces was broke,
 O'erwhelmed and confounded by grace ;
 " Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
 By thee I was sold and was slain ;
 But I died to redeem thee from hell,
 And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd,
 And crucified often afresh ;
 But let me henceforth be esteem'd
 Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh :
 My pardon I freely bestow,
 Thy wants I will fully supply ;
 I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
 And soon will remove thee on high.

7 Go publish to sinners around,
 That they may be willing to come,
 The mercy which now you have found,
 And tell them that yet there is room."
 O sinners ! the message obey,
 No more vain excuses pretend ;
 But come without further delay,
 To Jesus our brother and friend.

7 Convictus et tremens quum sum,
Et similis fratribus his;
Pertractus sum ad Dominum,
Obstupui de vitiis.

8 Is primum severissimus
Est visus, O quam tremui !
Condemnet me nunc Dominus,
Hoc factus sum opperiri.

9 Dum loquitur obstupui !
Benigna quam facies sit !
Cor fecit mi et conteri;
Mirabundum per gratiam fit.

10 "Tua Scelera plane noscam ;
Per te ego venditus sum ;
At passus et mortuus eram,
Te facere ditissimum."

11 "Sum Jesus quem blasphemebas,
Tu saepe mactavisti me ;
Sed nobis sit nunc unitas,
Conjunctis maximopere."

12 "Hilariter veniam do,
Et copias suppleverim ;
Salvatum et te dirigo,
Ad gloriam altam et vim."

13 "Praeconiam fac improbis,
Ut cito ad me venerint ;
Per gratiam quam invenis ;
Dic, spatia amplia sint."

14 Obedite, O vos improbi ;
Ejicite perfugium ;
Properate vos proficiisci,
Ad Jesum amicissimum.

77.

The Institution of the Lord's Supper.

- 1 'Twas on that dark and doleful night,
When all the powers of hell arose,
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread and blessed and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran,
What wondrous words of love he spake.
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food!"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine,
"Tis the New Covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end
In memory of your dying Friend !
Meet at my table, and record,
The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate ;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

78.

The Gospel feast.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 While all our hearts, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest ?"
- 3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come ?"

Caenae Domini Institutio.

- 1 Nox fuit tetra et tristissima,
Quum surgunt scelerata omnia,
Insidiari Dei Filio.
Et proditus inimicissimo.
- 2 Priusquam fuit in tristissimis,
Is cepit panem, actis gratiis,
Et fregit tum, O quam blandissima
Is fecit verba suis, lenia :
- 3 Hic meum corpus est, ad improbos
Est fractum : nunc commeditote vos :
Tum dixit, benedicens poculum,
" Sit novum pactum hoc exhibitum."
- 4 " Per tota venientia tempora,
Hoc facitote in memoria ;
Ad meam mensam, et gratissimi,
Commemorate acta Domini."
- 5 Amorem tum per crucem habitum,
Canemus nos per panem, poculum :
Et suum redditum petamus nunc ;
Coenamque nuptialem celebremus tunc.

Evangelii Festus.

- 1 Terribilis et dulcis sit
Quo Jesus ventitat :
Aeternus amor exhibit
Quae bona condidit.
- 2 Dum cordibus et canticis
Laudemus epulas,
Clamemus gratis animis :
" Cur me excipias ?
- 3 Curfui factus parere ;
Intrare factus cur ?
Dum millibus sint miserae,
Qui pereunt jugiter ?

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
 That sweetly forced us in ;
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God ;
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race,
 May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace.

79.

The Invitation and the Resolve.

1 Come, weary sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve ;
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed
 And make this last resolve :—

2 “I'll go to Jésus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose ;
 I know his courts ; I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

3 “I'll prostrate lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess ;
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 Without his sovereign grace.

4 “I'll to the gracious King approach,
 Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
 Perhaps he may command my touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.

5 “Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
 But, if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.

4 Qui idem amor festum det,
 Intrare cogit nos ;
 Perire nos non sineret,
 Perfractos, impios.

5 O miserere, Domine ?
 Et nationes fer,
 Hanc gratiam recipere,
 Veniantque pariter.

6 Videre coetus plenos hic,
 Desideramus nos,
 Ut omnes hominesque sic
 Tu facias socios.

79.

Invitatio et Intentio.

1 Adveni, fesse improbe,
 Vexatus millibus,
 Oppressus culpis terrore,
 Sic statue timidus :

2 Ad Jesum ibo quamquam sim
 Opertus vitio ;
 Cognosco suae aulae vim,
 Contendens intrabo.

3 Ad ejus pedes jaceam
 Declarans scelera ;
 Et omnem mi miseriam,
 Et omnia perdita.

4 Ad gratiosum Dominum,
 Nam sceptrum pacem dat ;
 Recipit si me miserum,
 Tum salvus supplex stat.

5 Fortasse causam capiet,
 Indulgens precibus ;
 At peream si accidet,
 Ad eum proprius.

6 "I can but perish if I go ;
 I am resolved to try ;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die."

80.

The Road to life and Death.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there,
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
 Is the Redeemer's great command ;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteemed almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
 Create my heart entirely new ;
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
 Which false apostates never knew.

81.

Sinners invited to immediate Repentance.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
 But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day !
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
 Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the graye ;

6 Si eam, tantum peream ;
 Faciam periculum :
 Nam certo si sic maneam,
 Sit ad interitum.

80.

Via ad vitam et ad mortem.

1 Ad mortem via lata sit,
 Quà mile millies ambulant ;
 Angustum coelum exhibit,
 Paucissimi inveniant.

2 Te ipsum tu coerceto,
 Portare crucem Jesus dat,
 Naturae aurum sperneto,
 Qui proemium coelis teneat.

3 Qui fatigatus, timidus,
 Desinat Deum colere,
 Dumtaxat paene servitus,
 Et perditus certissime.

4 Da mihi, Jesu, firmam spem,
 Da mihi cor novissimum ;
 Non habeant falsi talem rem,
 Nec unquam norunt Dominum.

81.

Improbi invitati ad resipiscentiam extemporalem.

1 Dum vitae lux continuet,
 Sint pax, misericordia ;
 At cito nox adveniret ;
 Spes coeli tum sit oblita.

2 Invitat Deus : fausta sint !
 Quam dulce evangelium !
 Proh ! improbi audiverint,
 Tam gratiosum Dominum.

3 At alis vectos temporum,
 Deposcat mors ad tumulum

Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound ;
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste vway,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

82.

- 1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear :
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears :
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise
To view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are o'er,
And we from time remove,
Oh may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

Vos trahet ad judicia,
Quō nulla sint auxilia.

4 In locis his non venit spes ;
Divina lux non venerit ;
Sint preces tum inutiles,
Salvator nunquam ibi sit.

5 Nunc vocat Deus maxime ;
Quam dulcis invitatio !
Venite vos ! O currite,
Dum data sit Salvatio.

82.

Finita dies est.

1 Finita dies est,
Et vesper obruat,
O bene nunc meminimus
Nox mortis properat.

2 Detractis vestibus,
Nune nos cubuimus ;
Sic cito mors denudet nos
Possessionibus.

3 Nos serva, Domine ;
Fac securissimos ;
Tutentur tui angeli,
Nunc dormientes nos.

4 Et quum surgemus nos,
Cras, solem visere ;
Contenderemus cursibus,
Ad gloriam maxime.

5 Dum vita finiet,
Et decedemus nos,
In sinu tuo amoris,
Fac beatissimos.

83.

The Holy City, New Jerusalem,

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me ;
When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
 And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 Oh when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
 Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

84.

What is your Life ?

- 1 O, what is life ? 'tis like a flower
 That blossoms and is gone ;
It flourishes its little hour,
 With all its beauty on ;
Death comes, and, like a wintry day.
 It cuts the lovely flower away.

83.

Sancta urbs, Hierosolyma nova.

- 1 Jerusalem, O gloriosa domus mi ;
O nomen semper mi carissimum !
O quando sint labores finiti,
In te, in pacem, et in gaudium ?
- 2 O quando videbunt hi oculi
Has portas gemmeas, tua moenia ?
Hanc salutatem propugnaculi,
Has vias, pavimenta aurea ?
- 3 Urbs mei Dei, quando surgero
Coelestia tua in propatula ?
Quo non sejungit congregatio,
Et sunt aeterna tua sabbata.
- 4 Umbracula, O vos faustissima !
Quo neque moestus sunt nec vitia !
Ad vos, O sedes felicissimae,
Contendo, et eluctor strenue.
- 5 Cur hos moerores, poenas, formidem ?
Vel dissolutionem horrerem ?
Coelestia arva bona videam,
Aeternam diem felicissimam.
- 6 Apostoli, prophetae, martyres,
Hic circum thronum Jesu Christi stent ;
Et cito amici mi fideles,
Conjuncti nobis illic congregent.
- 7 Jerusalem, O gloriosa domus mi !
Pro te nunc sitit mea anima ;
Labores omnes tum sint finiti,
Quum tua videam sacra gaudia.

84.

Quid est vita tua ?

- 1 O quid est vita ? brevis sit,
Florescit, cito it ;
Quae parvâ horâ viguit,
Et pulchritudo fit.
Brumalis dies venerit,
Et mors hanc florem excidit.

2 O, what is life? 'tis like the bow
 That glistens in the sky;
 We love to see its colors glow;
 But while we look they die;
 Life fails as soon; to-day tis here,
 To-morrow it may disappear.

3 Lord, what is life? if spent with thee,
 In humble praise and prayer,
 How long or short our life may be,
 We feel no anxious care;
 Though life depart, our joys shall last
 When life and all its joys are past.

85.

The Lord's Supper.

1 'Twas on that night, when doom'd to know
 The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
 That night in which he was betray'd,
 The Saviour of the world took bread.

2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
 To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
 The symbol of his flesh he broke,
 And thus to all his follow'r's spoke:

3 "My broken body thus I give,
 For you, for all; take, eat and live;
 And oft' the sacred rite renew,
 That brings my wondrous love to view.

4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
 And God anew he thanked and prais'd;
 While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
 And from his lips salvation flow'd.

5 "My blood I thus pour forth," he cries,
 "To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
 In this the covenant is seal'd,
 And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd."

2 O quid est vita ? iris sit ;
 Corruscat aere ;
 Egregie delectabit ?
 Non ! it citissime ;
 Et vita it ; hodie hic,
 Sed cras, ah me, vanescit sic.

3 O Domine, quid vita sit ?
 Peracta si pro Te ;
 Quam longa vel quam brevis fit,
 Est tuum dicere ;
 Vaniscat vita, gaudia
 Vivescent longe postea.

85.

Coena Domini.

1 Caliginosa nox tristissima,
 Interna surgunt et terrestria ;
 Carissimo in Dei Filio,
 Et datus est inimicissimo.

2 Priusquam fuit in tristissimis,
 Is capit panem, actis gratiis,
 Frangitque tum quam O blandissima,
 Is fecit verba suis lenia.

3 “ Hic meum corpus est, ad improbos ;
 Est fractum, nunc comeditote vos ; ”
 Tum dixit, benedicens poculum,
 “ Sit novum pactum hoc exhibitum.”

4 Per tota venientia tempora,
 Hoc facitote in memorâ ;
 Ad meam mensam et gratissimi,
 Commemorate acta Domini.

5 Amorem tum per crucem habitum,
 Canemus nos per panem, poculum ;
 Et tuum redditum petamus nunc,
 Coenamque nuptialem nos canemus tunc.

6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
 Let all partake the sacred draught ;
 Through latest ages let it pour,
 In mem'ry of my dying hour.

86.

Divine love making a feast, and calling in the guests.

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
 With Christ within the doors,
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores !

2 Here every bowel of our God
 With soft compassion rolls ;
 Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
 Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts and all our songs
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cries, with thankful tongues,
 " Lord, why was I a guest ? "

4 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 And enter while there's room ?
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come ? "

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 That sweetly forced us in ;
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perished in our sin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God,
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race,
 May with one voice and heart and soul
 Sing thy redeeming grace !

6 Hoc plenum meo amore ;
 Bibentque omnes utique :
 Fusumque sit in secula,
 Meique in memoria.

86.

Amor divinus festum fecit, et convivas invitat.

- 1 Terribilis et dulcis sit,
 Quō Jesus ventitat
 Aeternus amor exhibit,
 Quae bona condidit.
- 2 Dum cordibus et canticis
 Laudemus epulas ;
 Clamemus gratis animis,
 Cur, me excipias ?
- 3 Cur fui factus parere,
 Intrare factus cur ?
 Dum millibus sint miserae,
 Qui pereunt jugiter ?
- 4 Qui idem amor festum dat,
 Intrare cogit nos ;
 Perire nos non sineret,
 Perfractos, impios.
- 5 O miserere, Domine,
 Et nationes fer ;
 Hanc gratiam recipere,
 Veniant que jugiter.
- 6 Videre coetus plenos hic,
 Desideramus nos ;
 Ut omnes hominesque sic,
 Tu facias socios.

87.

An Indian Hymn.

- 1 In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
Den me look hebun and send up cry,
 Upon my knee so low ;
Dat God on high in shiny place,
See me in night wid teary face,
 My heart him tell me so.
- 2 Him send him angel take me care,
Him come himself and hearum prayer,
 If Indian heart do pray ;
Him see me now, Him know me here,
Him say, " Poor Indian, neber fear,
 Me wid you night and day."
- 3 So me lub God wid inside heart,
He fight for me, He takum part,
 He sabum life before ;
God lub poor Indian in de wood,
And me lub he, and dat be good,
 Me pray him two time more.
- 4 When me be old, me head be grey,
Den him no leabe me, so him say,
 " Me wid you till you die ;"
Den take me up to shiny place,
See white man, red man, black man face,
 All happy like on high.

88.

The Believer safe.

- 1 A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
 My person and offering to bring ;
The terrors of law and of God,
 With me can have nothing to do ;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

87.

Hymnus Indianus.

- 1 In sylvis solus atris sim,
Aspiciens clamaverim,
Et nixus genibus;
In Alto Deus lumine
Me videt flentem aspere,
Ut docet Dominus.
- 2 Is mittat suum angelum,
Me facere tutissimum,
Si cor solicitat;
Me audit, videt, noscat me,
Hortatur me non tremere,
Nam semper prope stat.
- 3 Itaque Deum diligam,
Defendit, donat gratiam,
Me salvum agere;
Is amat me pauperrimum,
Et amo Eum Dominum,
Orem saepissime.
- 4 Dum senix sim, canescerem,
Non linqueret, sed salvus stem,
Dum mea vita stat;
In coelis tum transferret me,
Salvatos omnes visere,
Et pariter quae dat.

88.

Tutus est qui veram doctrinam Christi sequitur.

- 1 Quum debitor gratiae sim,
Canendum ad gratiam sit;
Et dona et me tulerim,
Nam Jesus justitia fit;
Terrores et judex et lex,
Nil facient mi postea;
Est Jesus et Soter et Rex,
Extincta sunt mi scelera.

2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete ;
 His promise is yea and amen,
 And never was forfeited yet ;
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below nor above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands,
 Eternity will not erase ;
 Impressed on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indellible grace :
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heaven.

89.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
 Bread of Heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through ;
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling stream,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side,
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee.

2 Hoc opus quod Is inchoat,
 Potentiā Is finiet ;
 Firmissime promissum stat,
 Quod nunquam hic defecerit ;
 Futura et presens quae sint,
 Inferna vel coelestia ;
 Non opera frustaverint,
 Ut caderem in odia.

3 E manibus quo scriptus sum,
 Aeterno deletus non sim ;
 Inscriptus in cor intimum,
 Extinctus non potuerim ;
 Ad finem etiam durabo,
 Est arrha in hoc data mi ;
 Securior non fuero,
 In coelis quō sunt angeli.

89.

Peregrinatoris conductor Deus est, et Robor.

1 Duce me, Jehova Magne,
 Vagum terrā sterili ;
 Tenuis sum, sed tu pollens,
 Tuā manu fave mi.
 Panis coeli,
 Ciba me dum egeo.

2 Aperi nunc hanc limpidam fontem,
 Fluent aquae medicae ;
 Nubis columen et ignis,
 Fac me semper ducere ;
 Vindex valide,
 Mi es robor, clypeum.

3 Quum insistam ad Jordanem,
 Tum dic cessent timores ;
 Me per fluctus furiosos,
 Fer ad fines felices ;
 Cantus laudis,
 Semper tibi dabimus.

90.

The busy Bee

- 1 How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.
- 2 How skillfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labours hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes.
- 3 In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.
- 4 In books or works or healthful play,
Let my first years be past;
That I may give for every day,
Some good account at last.

91.

Against quarrelling and fighting

- 1 Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
And bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.
- 2 But children you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each others eyes.
- 3 Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

90.

Apis strenua.

- 1 En ! apis parva, strenua,
In horis lucidis,
Mel colligit industria,
Floribus patulis.
- 2 Aedificat quam perite,
Dum ceram collocat,
Et cibum dulcem struere,
(Quem facit,) cogitat.
- 3 Sic ego sedulissimus
Sim in optissimis ;
Nam Satan pigris manibus,
Utatur, alacris.
- 4 Sic sedulus et utilis,
In primis annis stem ;
Pro omnibus diebus his,
Ut rationem dem.

91.

Contra rixas et dimicationes.

- 1 Latrare et mordere sunt
Creati canes Domino ;
Leones, ursi saeviunt,
Natura acti, nimio.
- 2 At parvuli oportet vos,
Fraenare iracundias ;
Ad lacerandos oculos,
Non fecit Deus manus has.
- 3 Permeet amor facina,
Et verba fiant mitia ;
Ut filio sanctae virginis,
Sit omnis vestrum similis.
- 4 Ut agnus mitis erat Is,
Crecente ejus statura ;
Increvit ille hominis,
Et Patris amicitia.

4 His soul was gentle as a lamb,
 And as his stature grew,
 He grew in favour both with man,
 And God His Father too.

5 Now Lord of all he reigns above,
 And from his lofty throne;
 He sees what children dwell in love,
 And marks them for his own.

92

PSALM 95. (ORIGINAL.)

Direct from the Hebrew.

1 Venitote, O cantemus,
 Et Jehovam adoremus ;
 Laeti acres jubilemus,
 Laudes, grates peragentes ;
 In conspectu suo stemus,
 Deum fortem dum laudemus,
 Claris vocibus clamemus,
 Salvatorem praecinentes.

2 Nam Jehova est Supremus,
 Primus, ultimus, extremus,
 Exaltissimum cantemus,
 Regum Deum et deorum ;
 Penetralia terrae tegit,
 Fluctus saevos maris regit,
 Montium thesauros legit,
 Auctor, Dominus eorum.

3 Tenet maria et fecit,
 Terra fundamentum jecit ;
 Super omniaque praesit,
 Deus noster exaltatus ;
 O adeste, adoremus !
 Nos ad terram incurvemus,
 Totis viribus vocemus,
 “ Sit ex omnibus laudatus.”

4 Ejus populus et pecus,
 Sumus fecit suum decus ;
 Suis manibus servamur,

5 Nunc supra regnat Dominus,
E throno exaltissimo,
Spectatur amans parvulus,
Qui eo est delicio.

— • • • —
Suis pascuis fruamur,
Pascit, ducit et defendit ;
“Isthac die,” dicit nobis,
“Vos audite ; testor vobis,
Obsequimini cum probis,
Dies dum salutem tendit.”

5 “Ne estote obstinati,
Ut parentes obdurati
Vestrūm, olim tam ingrati,
Saepe qui me tentaverunt.”
“In deserto quum degentes,
Suas mentes obdurantes,
Spiritumque fatigantes,
Me perosi contempserunt.”

6 “Mea facta negligentes,
Mirabilia spernentes,
Neque vocem audientes,
Quadraginta annos pravi.”
“Tum in corde dixi meo,
Maledicti sint a Deo ;
Nam incensus, hi rebelles,
Meam pacem perduelles,
Non intrabunt, sic juravi.”

93.

PSALM XLVI.

From the German of Luther.

1 Arx Deus est firmissima,
Praesidiumque rerum ;
Per omnia pericula,
Per omnes vices rerum.
Nam inimicus stat,
Maligna agitat,
Armis, invidiā,
(Non similis,) utetur.

2 Si nobis fideamus nos,
 Sit hostis triumphator ;
 Sed facit nos tutissimos,
 Qui datus est Salvator.
 Quis sit ? inquirisne ?
 Jesus, certissime,
 SabaOTH Dominus ;
 Deus Ipsissimus,
 In pugnis semper victor.

3 Sit mundus plenus daemonum,
 Hiantium nos vorare,
 Non timeamus impetum ;
 Vult Deus nos servare.
 Heus ! tenebrarum dux !
 Maligne, furens, trux ;
 Ludibrium tu sis,
 Damnatus, debilis ;
 Te fugat parvum dictum.

4 Hoc dictum regnat ubique ;
 Pro nobis id debellat ;
 Dat Deus opes libere,
 Et inimicos pellat.
 Pereant omnia
 Bona terrestria ;
 Perimant corpora ;
 Stant nobis optima—
 Aeternum nostrum regnum.

94.

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast.

1 Quae me nutritivit pectore,
 In ulnis atque mulsit me.
 Me osculans dulcissime ?
 Mea mater.

2 Turbatus quum non dormii,
 Quae dulciter cantavit mi,
 Demulcens me dum quievi ?
 Mea mater.

3 Quae fuit custos capitis,
 Cubante me cunabilis,
 Amantibus cum lacrimis ?
 Mea mater.

4 Moeroribus quum fleverim,
 Quae videns decrecentem vim,
 Deflevit quia mortuus sim ?
 Mea mater.

5 Quae cucurrit quum cecidi,
 Cum fabulis me blandiri,
 Remedioque osculi ?
 Mea mater.

6 Quae docuit orare me,
 Et Scripturas diligere,
 Et Jesum sequi strenue ?
 Mea mater.

7 Et possim te deserrere,
 Ut amem non, non servem te,
 Potissimum amantem me ?
 Mea mater.

8 O non ! abhorream talem rem,
 Et, pace Dei, salvus sterni,
 Confido te ut compensem,
 Mea mater.

9 Quum senex eris, debilis,
 Sustineam te ulnis his,
 Verbisque actis strenuis,
 Mea mater.

10 Et quum aegrota jacebis,
 Vigilabo cum auxiliis,
 Amantibusque lacrimis,
 Mea mater.

11 Nam Domino altissimo
 Displicitus affuero,
 Si unquam te dispicio,
 Mea mater.

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ERRATA.

Hymn 12: Stanza 2 line 5, read: *multiplicia*.
 Hymn 22: Stanza 1 line 7: omit *mi*.
 Hymn 40: Stanza 2, for line 3, read: *Et nullam undam doloris*.
 Hymn 46: Stanza 1 line 7, read: *adherere*.
 " " 5 line 4, read: *Ecclesiam*.
 Hymn 50: Stanza 4 line 5, read: *floribus ornatae*.
 Hymn 65: Stanza 4 line 2, read: *for at* read *et*.
 Hymn 73: Stanza 2 line 1, read: *aestatis*.
 " " " 2, read: *aestatem*.

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